

August/September 1986
\$3.50

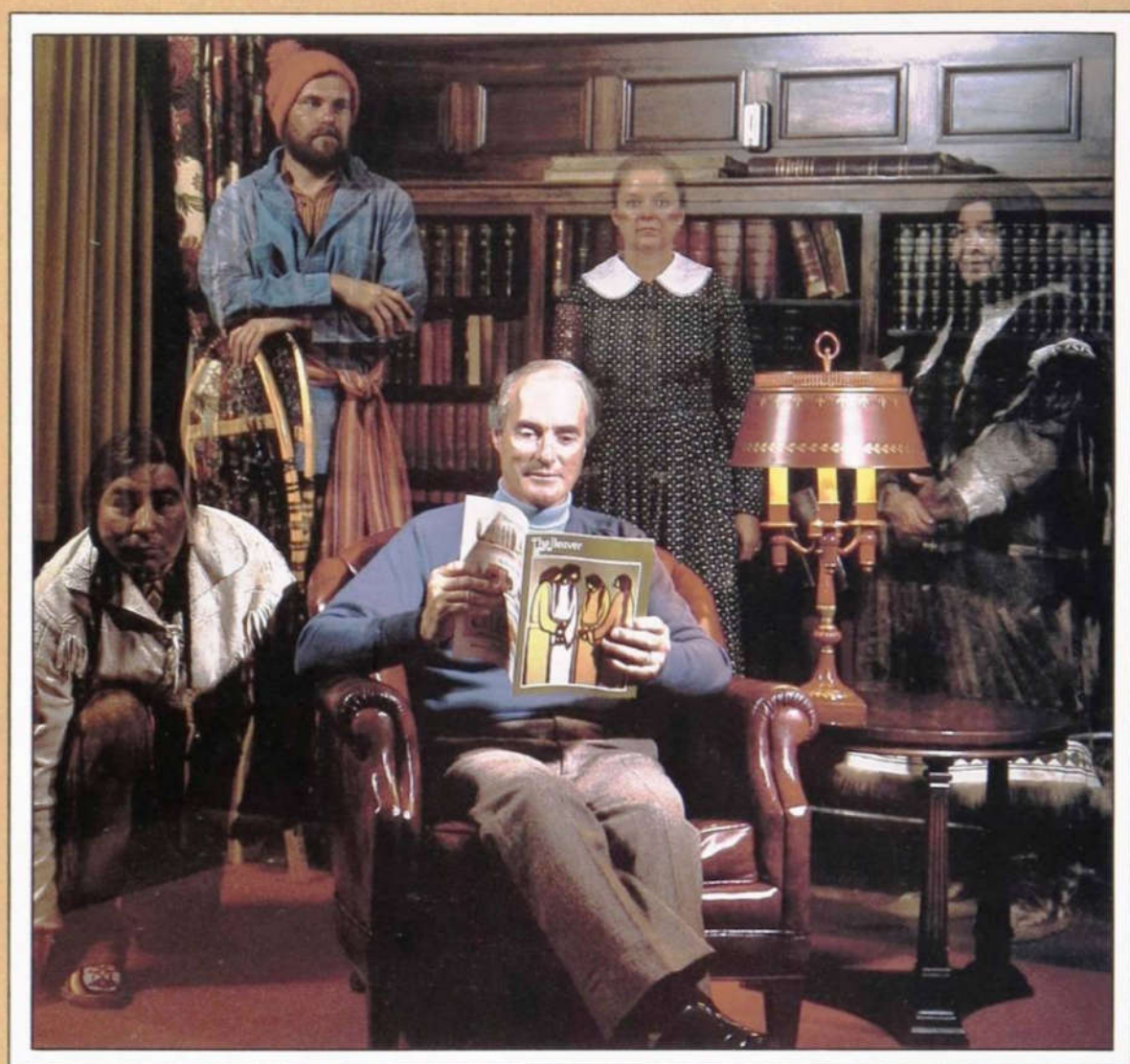
The Beaver

EXPLORING • CANADA'S • HISTORY

WINTER ORDEAL
ON BAFFIN ISLAND



A Timeless Gift



Photographed at the Manitoba Club, Winnipeg

For the armchair adventurer
For the art lover, historian, collector . . .
or almost anyone with an interest
in the past and present
of this northern country and its people . . .

A gift that is new six times every year;
that will be preserved and enjoyed in years to come.

The Beaver
EXPLORING · CANADA'S · HISTORY

Subscription rate: \$18 year for 6 issues

77 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man. R3C 2R1

The Beaver

EXPLORING · CANADA'S · HISTORY

August/September
1986
Vol. 66:4
Issued July 1986
\$3.50

Editor:
Christopher Dafoe
Managing Editor:
Carol Preston

Cover:
Sun Mask by Pauline
Wheeler.
(See page 16).

Published bi-monthly
by
**Hudson's Bay
Company**
Hudson's Bay House
77 Main Street
Winnipeg, Canada
R3C 2R1

THE BEAVER: Exploring Canada's
History (ISSN 0005-7517) is published bi-
monthly by The Governor and Company of
Adventurers of England Trading into
Hudson's Bay, known as the Hudson's Bay
Company, Hudson's Bay House, 77 Main
Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 2R1,
Canada. (204) 934-1485.

U.S. MAILING ADDRESS: THE
BEAVER Magazine, c/o H.A. & J.L.
Wood, Inc., Box 329, Pembina, North
Dakota 58271-9998.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: (6 issues)
\$18 (Canada and United States). SINGLE
COPY \$3.50. OTHER COUNTRIES
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION \$24.

COPYRIGHT © 1986 by Hudson's Bay
Company. All rights reserved.
Reproduction without written permission
of the publisher is strictly forbidden.
Printed in Canada.

SECOND-CLASS MAIL
REGISTRATION NUMBER: 1401.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to
THE BEAVER Magazine, 77 Main
Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 2R1.

U.S. SECOND-CLASS MAIL
REGISTRATION NUMBER: USPS 759-
610.

U.S. POSTMASTER: Send address
changes to THE BEAVER Magazine, c/o
H.A. & J.L. Wood, Inc., Box 329,
Pembina, North Dakota 58271-9998.

Second class postage paid at Winnipeg
and at additional mailing office.

While every care will be taken of
manuscripts and illustrations submitted, no
liability will be assumed for loss.

4 FRANZ BOAS IN BAFFIN-LAND

The great anthropologist began his career with a hard year in the Canadian North.
BY DOUGLAS COLE

16 MASKS

Artist Pauline Wheeler interprets Northwest Coast Indian ceremonial masks.
Special Colour Feature

22 THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE

Victorian feminist Adelaide Hoodless and the struggle for domestic education.
BY CHERYL MACDONALD

30 YOUNG TACHÉ

In 1851 an obscure Oblate missionary travelled to France to become a bishop.
BY HUBERT G. MAYES

35 METLAKATLA

William Duncan brings the gospel to the "savage" Tsimshian Indians.
BY J.C. STEVENSON

42 GRAY GHOSTS ON THE DUMOINE

Four centuries along one of Canada's magnificent highways of history.
BY JANET UREN

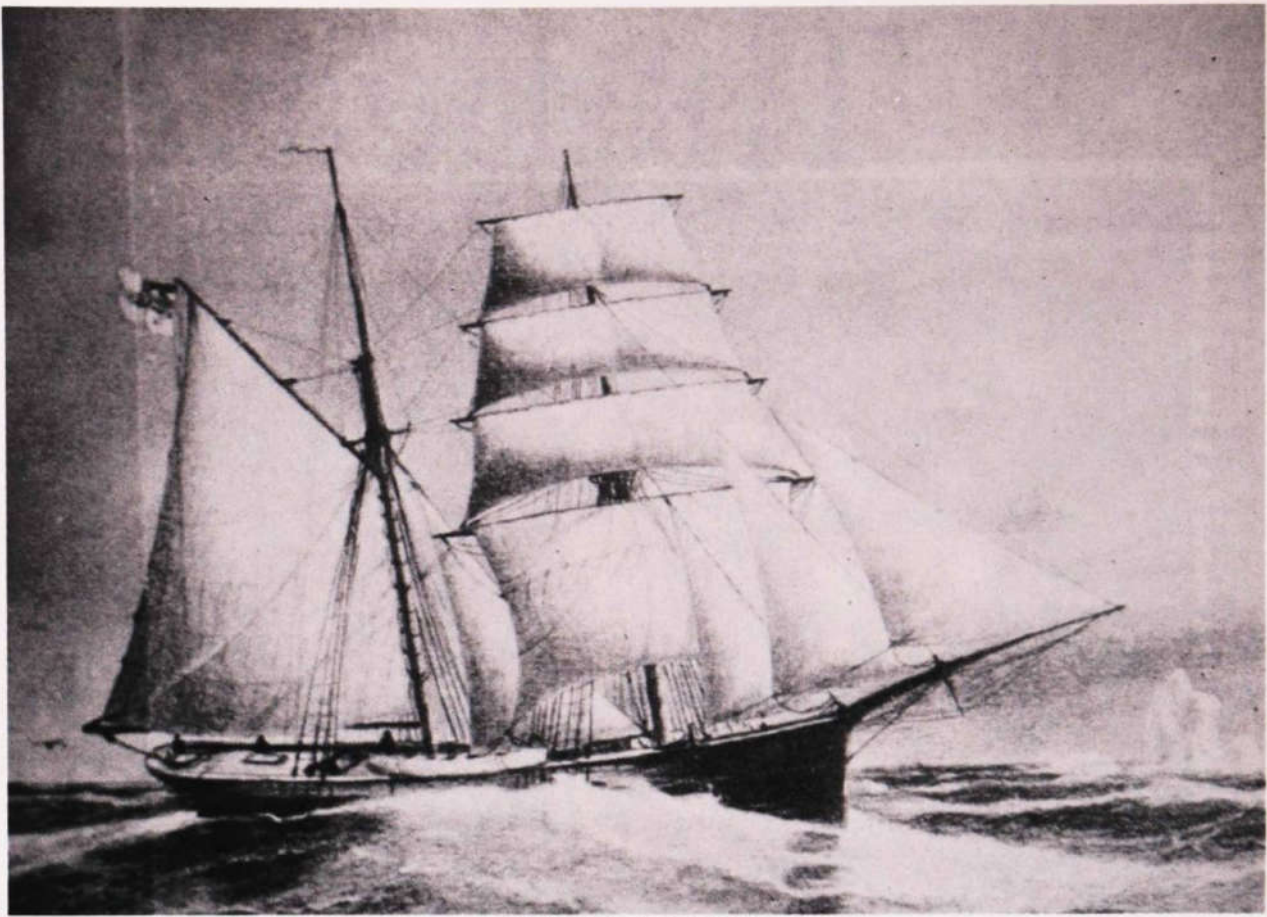
49 A YOUNG GIRL IN THE OLD WEST

Mary Elizabeth Lee in Calgary in the days of the North-West Rebellion.
By SHELAGH NOLAN

56 BOOKS IN REVIEW

62 THE PACKET





The Germania in arctic waters.

FRANZ BOAS IN BAFFIN-LAND

*The great anthropologist began his career
with Arctic explorations and hardships*

By Douglas Cole

Between September 1883 and August 1884, Franz Boas travelled to Baffin Island to explore the almost completely unknown western shore of the island and to undertake anthropological research among the Inuit. His field work resulted in landmark publications in Arctic and Inuit studies.

Franz Boas was born on 9 July 1858 at Minden in Prussian Westphalia. He showed an early and deep interest in science, first in the life sciences, later in the physical sciences. By 1881 he had secured his doctorate in physics from Kiel University, but had already decided that geography, which he had been studying as a sideline for several years, was to be his future life's work. By April 1882, during the year of his required military service, he had focussed his geographical interests to the relationship between people and their natural environment and begun planning "an investigation of the dependence of contemporary Inuit migrations upon the physical relationships and forms of their land." In October, free from the army, he moved to Berlin where he succeeded in securing support for his arctic expedition. A prominent newspaper offered financial sponsorship while material assistantship came from the German Polar Commission which, as part of the First International Polar Year, had a scientific party based on Baffin Island.

His one-year investigation would be based at Cumberland Sound, the site of the Polar Commission's Kingua base. He planned to travel in the summer and fall of 1883 to Lake Kennedy (Lake Nettilling), an inland sheet of fresh water, and from there attempt to reach the west coast of Baffin Island and follow it north to Iglulik. He would return to winter in Cumberland Sound and then, in the spring, travel back to Iglulik and further north to Pond Inlet on Davis Strait. At the end of the expedition he could either return to Cumberland Sound to catch a Scottish vessel home or pick up an American whaler on Davis Strait and sail south to the United States. He preferred the latter possibility as it would give him a chance to investigate professional opportunities in America and time to visit Marie Krackowizer, a family friend to whom he became engaged just prior to his departure.

Boas and his servant Wilhelm Weike departed from Hamburg on the Polar Commission's *Germania* on 20 June 1883. By 15 July the ship was in sight of Cape Mercy, the outermost point of Baffin Island's Cumberland Peninsula. Further progress remained impossible because of ice conditions. As it became increasingly doubtful if they could break into the sound before mid-August, Boas was forced to revise his travel plans. By 27 July he had given up his plan for a fall trip to Iglulik, and by early August Boas faced the prospect of having to abandon his entire expedition.

On 28 August his luck changed — the floe broke, the wind rose. Soon the whaling station at Kekerten

was sighted and whaleboats arrived to tow the ship to anchorage. Now, however, it was far too late in the season for Boas's western expedition to Lake Nettilling and beyond. Indeed, the ice still lay so thick in the upper reaches of the Sound that Captain Mahlstede feared to sail to Kingua. Boas volunteered to take a whaleboat, with Inuit crew, to inform the stranded station of the *Germania*'s arrival at Kekerten and to advise the scientists to make their own way there. The ice was hazardous and progress slow, but he arrived at Kingua station on 7 September. For the worried Germans, Boas's appearance at the station was cause for celebration; for him it was his first arctic adventure. He returned as soon as his crew was rested, the others arrived back in Kekerten by 10 September. Soon the *Germania* was loaded and ready for her return to Hamburg. Boas and Weike remained behind for their own year of scientific work.

Boas decided to use the Scottish whaling station as his base instead of the remote Commission hut at Kingua. James Mutch, master of the station and an old resident of Cumberland Sound, would be of valuable assistance. At the moment, however, almost all the Inuit at the station were fully engaged in unloading and loading the station's own brig. This presented an unexpected difficulty for Boas, who was anxious to start on his exploratory work. He found it almost impossible to engage any Inuit for his travel and most of the remainder were still in the interior hunting caribou.

Eventually, Boas secured the services of Signa, or Jimmy, an Inuk who had crewed with him to Kingua and back. The engagement was sealed by the presentation of a Mauser rifle; in addition, he received bread, molasses and tobacco according to his needs. Signa served Boas during his entire stay in Cumberland Sound, proving himself an invaluable guide, interpreter, hunter, igloo-maker, and all else that was necessary for arctic life. Still, until Boas could engage a full boat crew, he had to confine himself to an examination of the immediate vicinity of the Kekerten islands. His first excursion was a trip up Kingnait Fjord with Signa and Wilhelm, much of it strenuous walking along the irregular coast. Several other trips in the sound using Signa's whaleboat followed, none very productive nor satisfying aside from allowing some mapping of the coastline.

Late in October, ice began to form on the sound, confining them to Kekerten until the ice became strong enough to bear a sled. Boas, still hoping for a major western trip, was again disappointed once the sound had iced over. His mobility was now restricted by a shortage of sled dogs.

A devastating disease, apparently brought to the island from Greenland by early whalers and now endemic, struck again in the fall so severely that it



Franz Boas on the deck of the Germania, enroute.

was impossible to buy dogs anywhere in the sound. He was able to borrow Mutch's team for short periods until, finally, in March he bought some from settlements at the tip of Cumberland Peninsula and purchased more from camps in Padli on Davis Strait, free from the 1883 epidemic. At last, in March 1884, with his own team, he made his trip to Lake Nettilling, more a homage to his abandoned dreams than a serious exploration.

The emphasis which Boas placed upon travel and upon his concern to learn of Inuit mobility and communications, exposed him to hardship, privation, and danger.

Perhaps the most perilous occasion, caused in part by careless and thoughtless preparation, came during a December trip Boas took with Weike and Signa in the northern part of Cumberland Sound. Because of fresh snow they missed a rendezvous with a supply sled from Kekerten and soon found their provisions depleted. Signa broke one of his guns, and had only a single cartridge for the other. Their lamp oil was exhausted, and the dogs refused to continue. Leaving their dogs and most of their equipment behind, they decamped by foot for Anarnitung, the nearest settlement, a distance of fifteen kilometres, in extreme cold, fog, and deep snow. During this dangerous journey they crossed rough ice in the dark, lost their way, recrossed their path and then, when "suddenly we heard a sled, it took us in the wrong direction." The sled track they followed led from Anarnitung to the seal holes to the west; only when they reached these hunting sites did they realize their mistake. After twenty-six hours of tramping with little food and no water the three men arrived at Anarnitung.

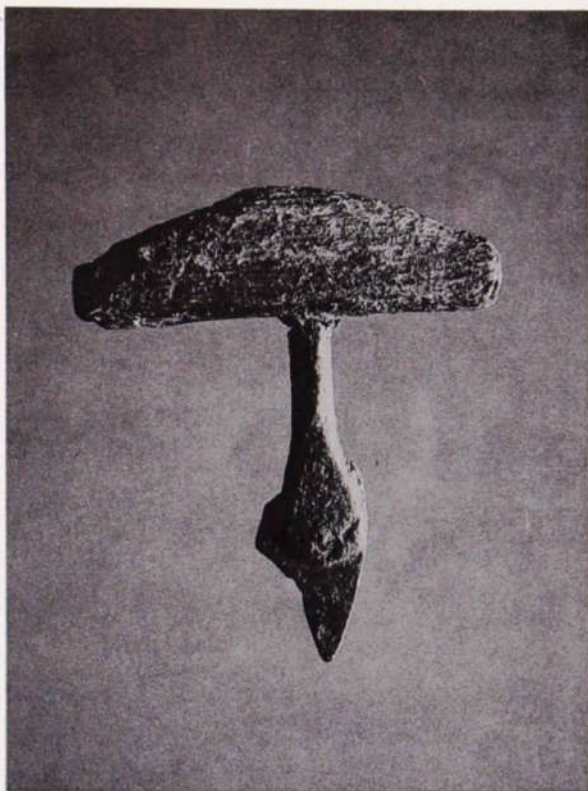
Signa's nose was frostbitten, as were Boas's nose and fingers, and poor Weike's feet were so severely affected that he sat out the next three months at Kekerten. "The last day was really taxing," Boas wrote in his diary, "to walk without stopping for twenty-six hours with the thermometer at [minus] 45 so that I could not keep my fingers and nose from freezing, with nothing to eat and nothing to drink and no assurance that we would ever find our goal." But Boas was up the same day exploring the settlement and next day was off to the Sarbukdjuak seal holes again.

Boas had scarcely recovered from this crisis when another emerged, one that threatened the success of his entire expedition. Diphtheria, previously unknown on the sound, had appeared at Kekerten in October. Boas's journal recorded that on 23 October a woman, very ill with fever and inflamed lungs, had asked him for help. He provided turpentine for her chest, quinine to combat the fever, ammonia to relieve her respiration, and opium against her cough, but he could do nothing more. Her death two days later marked the beginning of a large number of fatalities throughout the region. "It is terrible how diphtheria and pneumonia are now prevalent among the poor Inuit," he wrote the next week. "In almost every tent one or another is sick . . . They come to the 'Docteraluk' [big doctor], as I am known, with such faith, and I can do nothing." Every day, Weike noted, Boas had a new patient, but "the people do not do as he says."

In light of the coincidence of Boas's arrival with the outbreak of the new disease and of Boas's constant but unavailing ministrations, it is not surprising that responsibility for the infection should eventually focus upon him. The centre of the hostility was Imigen on the west side of the sound and the primary antagonist



Boas in the studio at Minden posing as an Inuit awaiting the return of the seal to the blowhole.



Handle of an ulu, collected by Boas.

an *angakuk* (or shaman) named Napekin. "It was declared" he wrote sorrowfully, "that no one was to have anything to do with me; above all, no one was to allow me into their huts or lend me their dogs."

Boas left Kekerten immediately to deal with the source of the hostility against him. He delivered an ultimatum to Napekin, who also intended, like Boas, to spend the summer on Davis Strait. "I let him know that he would get nothing from me, even if I saw him starving before my eyes, if he did not first come to me and ask me into his iglu." Since Boas would be the only source of ammunition on the strait, the threat carried weight. In March, about six weeks later, Napekin came to Kekerten especially to reconcile Boas with gifts of seal pelts and an offer of service in the spring. "The incident closed and from then on nothing disturbed the relations between the natives and me," Boas wrote. Indeed Napekin served as a loyal assistant and companion in some of his summer work on Davis Strait.

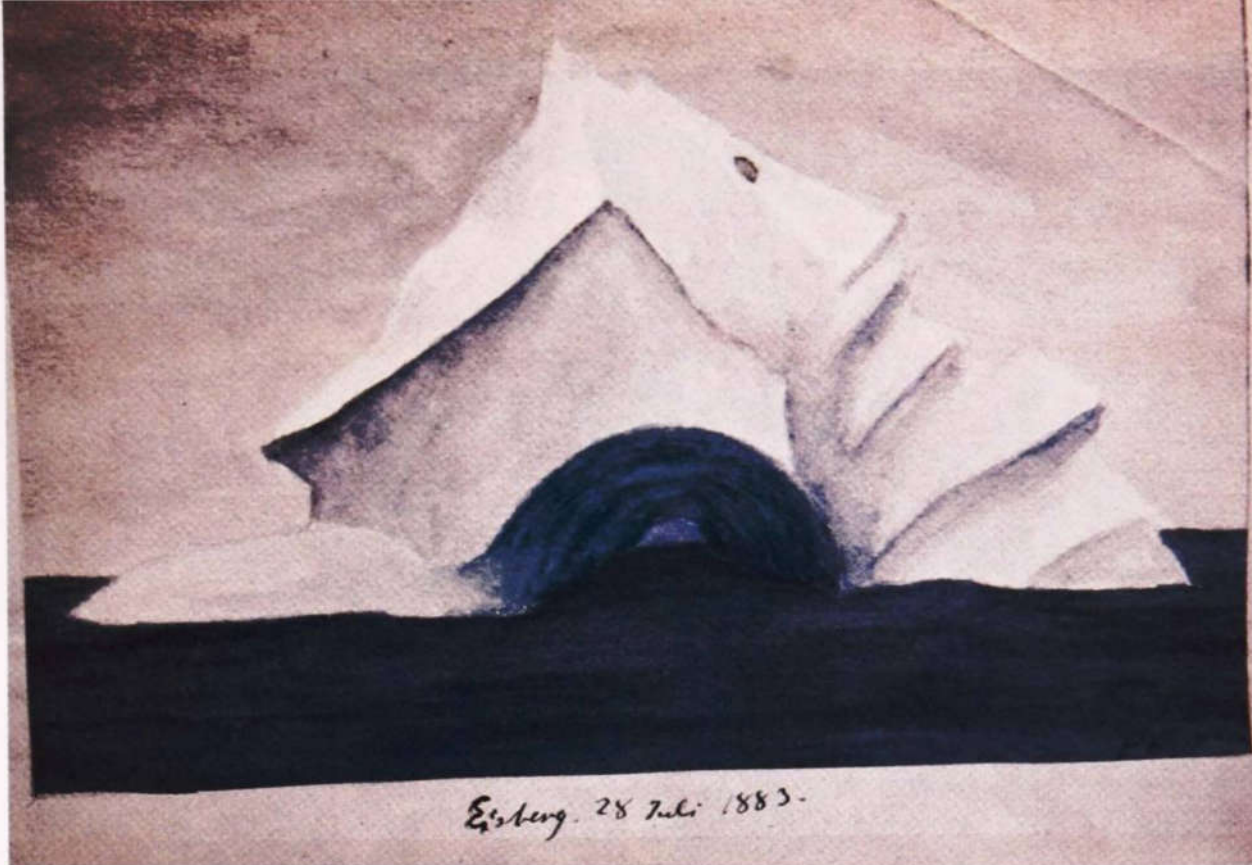
On 6 May Boas and Weike with Signa and several other Inuit left Kekerten by dogteam for Davis Strait. After a very arduous eleven-day journey over the hills that separated Cumberland Sound from the northern shore of the island, they reached the mouth of Padli Fjord and on 22 May, Padloping, the settlement at its

mouth. Securing the services of Sanguja, a Padli Inuit, as a guide for their further explorations of Davis Strait, Boas and Weike moved northwest along the strait. Travel conditions were terrible in the thawing snow and at times they resorted to night travel when there would be a firm surface. On 16 June they arrived at Idjuniving, a settlement on a harbour frequented by trading vessels. By July they had travelled as far as Siorartijung, Boas's most northerly point, and back. Heavy fog, spring snowstorms, a face-swelling toothache, snow blindness, and days without food for men and dogs were some of the sufferings and deprivations of the journey. "I do not think I shall ever in my life forget horrible Home Bay!", he wrote on 1 July. It was the worst time of his entire trip.

The impending end of his travels gave him comfort. "You cannot imagine how happy I will be no longer to have to sit on a sled," he wrote. At Idjuniving he settled down to work on his ethnographic material while anxiously awaiting the coming of a ship. On 19 August, a Dundee whaler was seen, then lost in the fog before it could be reached. On 26 August two Dundee vessels arrived, but followed next day by an American whaler. Since the *Wolf* was sailing to St. John's almost immediately, Boas joined her. He reached the Newfoundland port on 7 September. His trip from there to New York was frustratingly slow, but he arrived on the 21st and was reunited with Marie Krackowizer at Lake George two days later.

He remained in New York for six months, and, although his love for his fiancée had something to do with his long stay in America, he was also concerned with his research, its publication, and with the possibilities of a career in the New World. He met with northern explorers Frederick Schwatka and Emil Besseles and spent a number of weeks in Washington, examining the Charles F. Hall and other Inuit collections at the Smithsonian's National Museum. It was here that he secured the promise of Major J. W. Powell of the Bureau of Ethnology to publish the ethnological results of his expedition. He gave several lectures and wrote pieces for popular and scientific publications. His ultimate effort, however, was directed toward obtaining a salaried position, something which would allow him to continue his scholarly career and marry. Without success, and with his family anxious to see him make his career in Germany, he returned home in March 1885.

Judged in terms of Boas's original intentions, the expedition was a failure. He never explored Lake Nettilling, never reached the shores of Foxe Basin, never followed his presumed trade route north to Iglulik and Pond Bay. His late arrival was an initial, if not entirely unexpected setback; both weather and hunting were exceptionally bad all winter; above all, the death of so many dogs denied him access to the only means of



Watercolour by Boas of an iceberg in the entrance to Cumberland Sound.

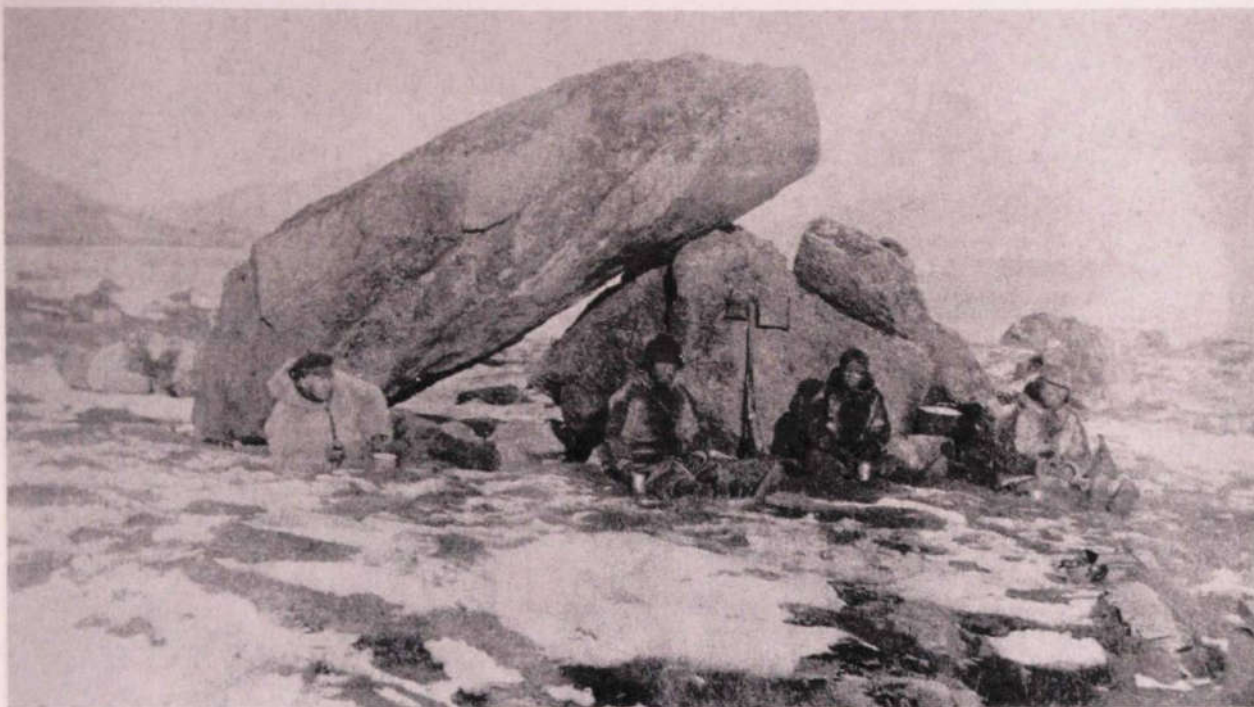


The Scottish station at Kekerten with insulating ice blocks and igloo entrance.

9 / August-September 1986



Wilhelm Weike posing in his Inuit suit, with dog whip.



Weike, with Signa and two other Inuit helpers on a boat trip in Cumberland Sound, October 1883.

arctic winter transportation. Despite these reverses, he could be satisfied with his results. He had made an accurate survey of most of Cumberland Sound and much of Davis Strait, all previously inaccurately rendered. Able to survey Lake Nettilling only sketchily and the rest of the interior not at all, he nevertheless secured sufficient information to draw a close approximation of the actual outline of the interior lakes and the entire coast and to conclude that Foxe Channel was a basin. When his geographical monograph, *Baffin-Land*, was published in 1885, George Gerland described it as among "the best of Arctic researches that we possess," and among "the most distinguished geographical works of recent years."

The research Boas actually pursued in the twelve months he was on Baffin Island was a combination of geography and ethnography. Exploration and cartography were his largest concerns on the geographical side and consumed most of his time and energies. He made meteorological observations and some not very successful tidal measurements. His travels also provided information on his main research intention, which was to determine Inuit distribution and mobility, routes of interchange and communication, and the related questions of origin and migration history.

A primary tool in his research of Inuit geographical knowledge was the use of geographical names and informant-drawn maps, for the Inuit had long been respected for the accuracy of their line maps. "Almost

the whole of Kekerten is drawing maps for me that I find clues to new problems," he wrote in November; "Every night I spent with the natives who told me about the configuration of the land, about their travels, etc." With these maps and his cartographic survey, he assiduously collected Inuit names for 930 geographical locations.

His ethnographical results, though completed by April 1886, were published as *The Central Eskimo* only in 1888. The monograph reflected fairly his ethnological research in its emphasis upon human geography, the description of subsistence activities and material culture, and recording of traditions and songs. He gave almost no attention to social structure and only a little to ceremonial and religious life. Nevertheless, within its scope and context, his ethnography was sophisticated and sagacious.

Retrospectively, the most significant aspect of Boas's experience in Baffin Island was his ethnographic immersion among the Inuit. His life and reputation were to be made in anthropology, and this was his initiation. A shift of interest was already evident by the end of the Cumberland Sound trip: "My work among the Inuit satisfies me more than my travels," he wrote. Participation in the life of the Inuit also sharpened his social sense and his belief in the equality of virtue among peoples. The kindness and sensitivity of the Inuit, the sympathetic tact that they demonstrated in their personal relationships, gave proof that

Snow goggles of carved ivory, found by Boas at Cumberland Sound.



Museum für Völkerkunde, Berlin

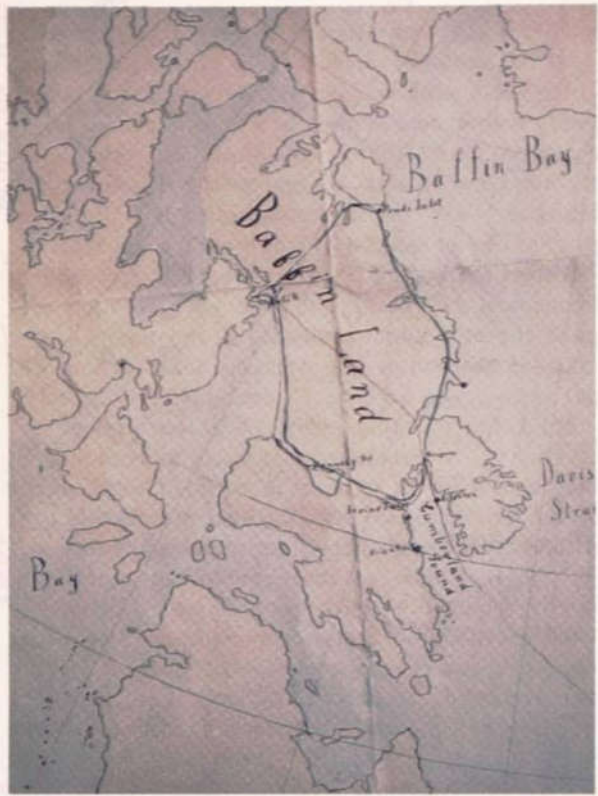
Museum für Völkerkunde, Berlin



Inuit caribou skin coat, collected by Boas.



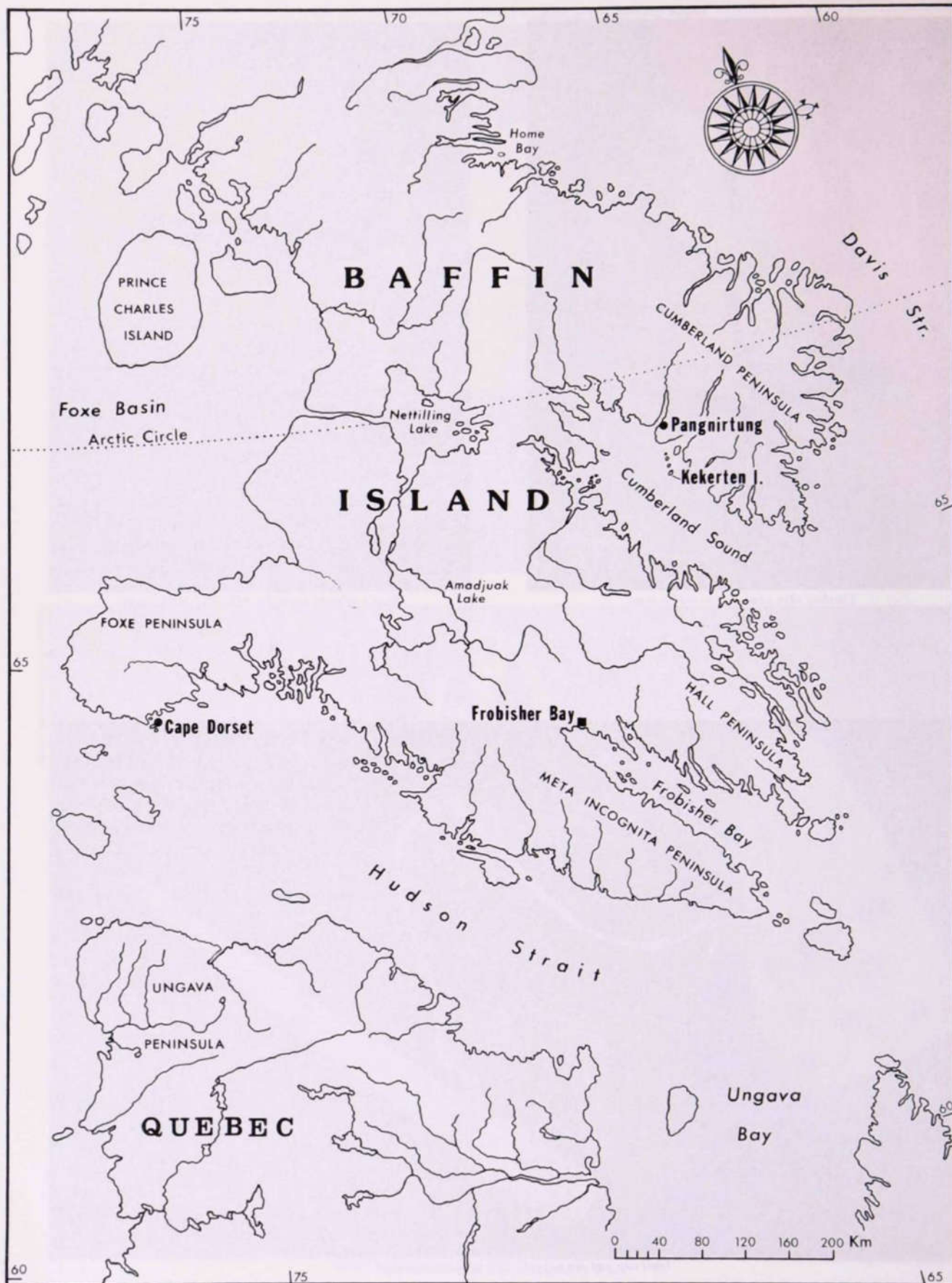
Caribou skin pants, collected by Boas.



Boas's planned route for 1883 and 1884 travel.



Inuit cup and pin toy collected by Boas on Baffin Island.





Boas in Inuit dress.

inner character, their *herzensbildung*, was far more significant than the gloss of civilization and learning.

All the more regrettable, then, was the inevitability of the destruction of the Cumberland Sound Inuit. Already they had shrunken in number from thousands to hundreds. It was important "to save what can yet be saved" of their tales and customs. While Boas did not cease being a geographer, he began to see the tasks of ethnology as "more pressing." The shift of his priorities from geography to anthropology was coincident with a movement of his ethnographic interests from the Inuit to their southern and western neighbours. This and other influences turned his attention to the Northwest Coast of America, and in the fall of 1886, he took leave of his announced courses at the University of Berlin to return to America for his second field trip, this time to British Columbia. Marrying Marie Krackowizer on 10 March 1887, he was thenceforth to reside in the United States.

Franz Boas never returned to the Arctic. While in Berlin he had sought various means for further expeditions. A three-year northern exploration plan from Labrador to the Pacific Coast failed to secure any support in either Germany or America. His proposal to the Geological Survey of Canada for a season in Hudson Bay brought an offer of transportation, but no provision for salary. While his intentions were increasingly drawn to the Northwest Coast Indians, he never lost interest in the Inuit. While curator at New York's American Museum of Natural History he gathered ethnographical collections through whalers like George Comer and his old Cumberland Sound host, James Mutch. He advised Russell W. Porter on his Frobisher Bay expedition and Bernhard Hantzsch on the Dresden ornithologist's ill-fated attempt to traverse some of the route Boas had not. He corresponded with later polar explorers and ethnographers such as Kaj Birket-Smith, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, and Diamond Jenness. He continued to publish articles, even books, on the Inuit for twenty-five years after his field work, but now based on the reports of others. Still, *Baffin-Land* and *The Central Eskimo*, the major results of his personal work in the North, stand as major contributions to the study of the Arctic and its people. ♦

Douglas Cole, who teaches history at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia, is the author of *Captured Heritage: The Scramble for Northwest Coast Artifacts*. He is working on a biography of Franz Boas.

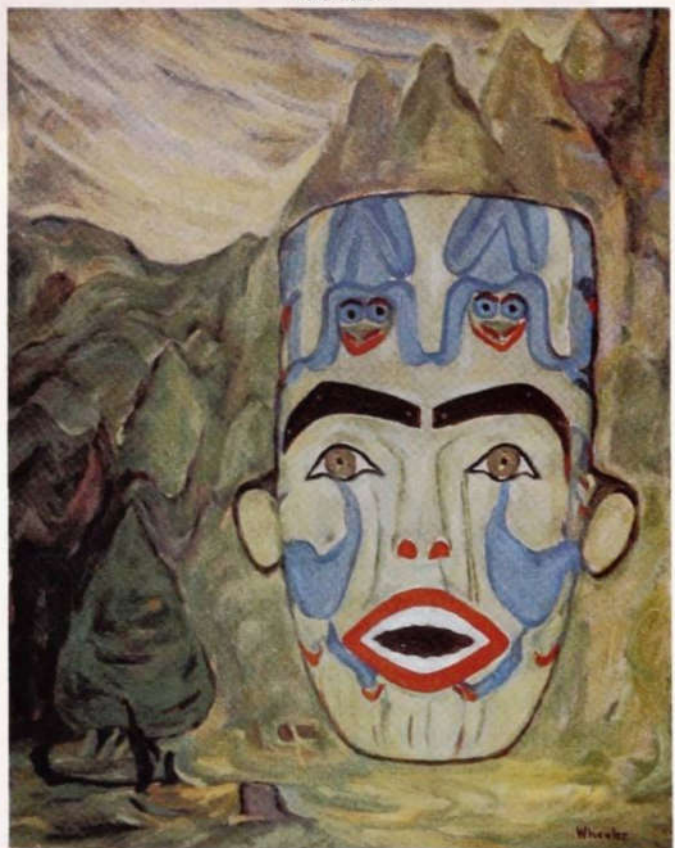


MASKS

*Artist Pauline Wheeler Interprets the Ceremonial Art
Of the Northwest Coast Indians*



Wind Mask.



Dog Fish Mask.



Provincial Archives of British Columbia

Swaihwe dancers performing at a Coast Salish potlatch at the Songhees Reserve in Victoria, 1895.

Painter Pauline Wheeler, who lives in Don Mills, Ontario, was born in Alberta in 1921 and is largely self-taught. While living in Yellowknife, NWT, several decades ago the artist came into contact with native people who frequented the Hudson's Bay Company stores and became interested in portraying their faces. Her interest in Indian peoples and her search for subject matter has taken her to Northern Ontario, Northern Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and up to the Arctic Ocean.

Recently she became interested in the Indian masks of the Pacific Coast, chiefly those in the collections of the Museum of Anthropology in Vancouver and the Provincial Museum in Victoria. The collection of paintings on these pages places traditional Northwest Coast Indian

masks against natural West Coast backgrounds.

The artist works in oils and pastels. She has had a "one-man" show in Toronto and has participated in group showings in various galleries. Many of her paintings are in private collections across Canada.

The ceremonial masks of the Northwest Coast Indians were made for various purposes. They represented chiefs and ancestors of high rank; they were used in the performance of dances that portrayed myths; they were used in religious rites and healing ceremonies.

The masks featured in Pauline Wheeler's collection represent a number of Northwest Coast Indian societies, including the Salish, Tsimshian, Tlingit and Kwakiutl.



Edward S. Curtis, Library — Special Collections, UBC

Kwakiutl dancers in the winter ceremony, photographed by Edward Curtis, late nineteenth century.

NOTES ON THE MASKS:

Komokwa, Ruler of the Sea, was made in 1905 at Quatsini and is in the Museum of Anthropology, Vancouver.

The Hawk Mask was made by Salish artist Floyd Joseph. **The Moon Mask** from Kingcome Inlet is in the Museum of Anthropology, Vancouver. **The Dog Fish Mask** is the work of Salish artist J. Johnny. **The Wind Mask** is thought to be the work of Floyd Joseph.

The Komokwa Mask, with duck, is from the Bella Coola region and is in the Museum of

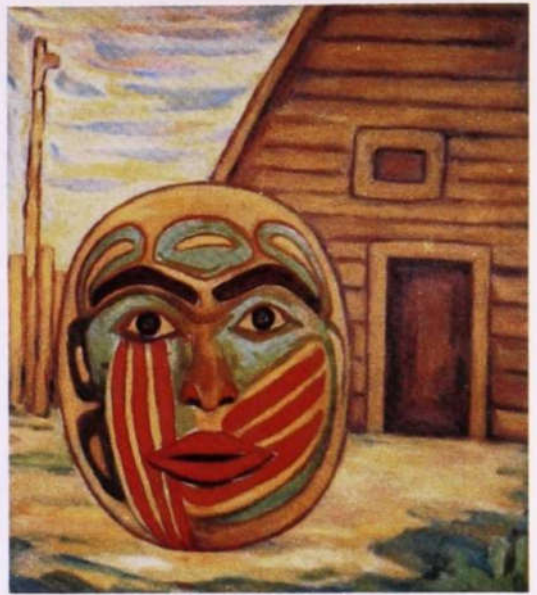
Anthropology, Vancouver. **The Human Face Mask** is of Tsimshian or Tlingit origin and was collected by Sir Edward Belcher during the late 1830s. It is in the British Museum. **The Eagle Mask**, of Kitamaat origin, was collected in the nineteenth century and is now in the collection of the Museum of Anthropology, Vancouver.

The Echo Mask is Kwakiutl work from the 1890s. **The Woman's Face Mask** is from Village Island, probably of Bella Coola origin.

The Sun Mask on the cover of this issue is in the Walter and Marianne Koerner Collection in the Museum of Anthropology, Vancouver.



Komokwa Mask, with duck.



Human Face Mask.

Eagle Mask, Hawk Mask.





Echo Mask.

Woman's Face Mask (left), Tsonokwa Mask.





THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE

*Adelaide Hoodless,
Domestic Science Crusader*

By Cheryl MacDonald



On the night of 19 February 1897, one hundred women and one man gathered at Squire's Hall in Stoney Creek, Ontario, to listen to Adelaide Hoodless. A popular speaker famed for her crusade to introduce domestic science into the curriculum of Canadian schools, Mrs. Hoodless had driven from her stately home east of Hamilton to help form an organization for the education of rural women.

A week earlier, at the invitation of Erland Lee, secretary of the Farmers' Institute, she had proposed the formation of the organization at another meeting. Lee and his wife Janet worked hard to interest local farm women in the project, and, as a result, "the Department of Domestic Economy in affiliation with the Farmers' Institute, to be called the Women's Department of the Farmers' Institute of South Wentworth," was formed.

By the first formal meeting of the organization on 25 February, the name was changed to the Women's Institute of Saltfleet Township. According to the constitution proposed by Erland Lee, "the object of this Institute shall be to promote that knowledge of household science which shall lead to the improvement in household architecture with special attention to home sanitation, to a better understanding of economics and hygienic value of foods and fuels, and to a more scientific care of children with a view to raising the general standards of health of our people."

Adelaide was made honorary president at the meeting, and she is still remembered as founder of the Institute by farm women across Canada and around the world. Yet her role in the development of the Institute was a minor one, especially in comparison to her work in domestic science education.

Addie Hunter was born 27 February 1857 in a clapboard farmhouse near the village of St. George, Ontario. Her mother, the former Jean Hamilton, was newly widowed; her late father, David Hunter, had been an Irish Presbyterian who arrived in Canada with his parents around 1836. Addie was the youngest of ten children, and grew up in a home that emphasized duty and the value of education.

While little is known of her early life, Addie may have attended a ladies' college while living with a married sister in Cainsville. Attractive, intelligent and charming, she probably had several suitors before meeting John Hoodless, son of a wealthy Hamilton furniture manufacturer. From a social and economic viewpoint, the marriage, which took place on 14 September 1881, was a good one. It was probably a love match as well. Together, the young couple established a household in Hamilton and began to raise a family. Four children arrived in quick succession: Edna Clarkson in 1882, Joseph Bernard in 1884, Muriel Adelaide in 1886, and John Harold in 1888.

Adelaide — she had insisted upon the more dignified version of her name following her marriage — was in many ways a typical middle class Victorian matron. While John occupied himself with business and membership in church committees, the board of education, and the Masons, Adelaide ran their home and pursued social interests of her own. When the Hamilton branch of the YWCA was formed in 1889, she was probably among the charter members. Her association with the YWCA would be a long and fruitful one, but 1889 would be memorable for another reason. In August, Adelaide's youngest son died at the age of fourteen months.

Traditionally, this tragedy is regarded as a turning point in Adelaide's life, the event which launched her into the limelight as she fought for better standards of housekeeping through domestic science education. John Harold apparently died of "summer complaint", an intestinal disorder caused by poor sanitation or contaminated food. Statistically, his death was not unusual. In the late nineteenth century, one child in five died before reaching school age, and, as summer progressed and temperatures soared, the infant mortality rate climbed. Various chroniclers have depicted Adelaide as overcome with guilt at the death of her infant, convinced she should have been able to prevent it. There is no concrete evidence to support this. Certainly she would have grieved, and, perhaps her loss, if her baby's death was indeed caused by drinking contaminated milk, would have made her more sensitive to the issue of domestic hygiene. But Adelaide did not, as has been claimed, suddenly turn to the YWCA in hopes that involvement in good works would be therapeutic. She had already committed herself to the organization, and, in 1890, was elected president, a position she would hold for more than a decade.

In its early years, the YWCA was primarily a shelter for working women who were flooding into cities in record numbers. By the time the Hamilton branch was established, however, the association was providing education as well as shelter. In some cities, it also functioned as an employment agency.

Although several YWCA's existed across Canada, they operated independently of one another. That changed after 1893, the year Adelaide journeyed to the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago as a delegate from the Hamilton YWCA to the International Congress of Women.

Established to provide a forum for the exchange of ideas, the Congress was a product of the first global wave of feminism. Some of the most progressive female activists of the day attended, including Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross, birth control pioneer Margaret Sangster, Susan B. Anthony, and Emily Stowe, the first Canadian woman to earn a medical degree. The atmosphere in Chicago was





Hoodless Family Papers, University of Guelph Library

Eastcourt, the Hoodless family home, near Main and Sherman Streets, Hamilton. Only the coach house remains today.

charged with new ideas and buoyant hopes, plans for women to unite to work towards social reform. By the time Adelaide returned to Hamilton, she was committed to several projects she had encountered at the Congress of Women: the nationalization of the YWCA, the establishment of a Council of Women, and the introduction of domestic science education in Canada.

"Upon my return home," Adelaide recalled, "I wrote to every city and town in Canada. When there were already established associations, I asked for their views, etc. Where I did not know of any existing, I wrote the Mayor of the place asking for the information and if he would kindly place the letter in the hands of some responsible Christian woman who would assist me in my efforts to secure information. In all, I sent ninety letters; some were most courteously answered, others were ignored."

While she was awaiting replies to her letters, Adelaide was busy on other fronts. On 27 October she was

one of fifteen hundred women who attended the inaugural meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada. Ishbel, Lady Aberdeen, wife of Canada's Governor-General, would become first president of the National Council. One of several speakers that day, Lady Aberdeen explained the purpose of the Council and introduced the resolution which would result in its formation:

Resolved: — that this meeting do heartily endorse the formation of a national council of women for Canada, believing that by means of such a federation, a more intimate knowledge of one another's work will be gained, which will rely on large mutual sympathy, greater unity of thought, and therefore, in more effective actions, especially in matters that may arise from time to time which command a general interest.

The ladies were asked to work towards the formation of local councils in their respective communities as well. Adelaide, as national treasurer, was one of the

Adelaide Hoodless, 1909, by John W. L. Forster.



Mrs. Hoodless and her children: baby Muriel, Edna and Bernard, Hamilton, 1887.

founding members of the Hamilton Local Council, which came into existence in November. As president of the Hamilton YWCA, Adelaide immediately became a member of the local council. Through her association with the local and national councils of women, as well as the local and national YWCA, Adelaide had access to a large network of women whose support she enlisted in her crusade for the introduction of Domestic Science in Canadian schools.

Adelaide Hoodless had very definite views on a woman's place in society. For one thing, she was against votes for women. "A woman who has not succeeded in training her sons to vote so that they will guard their mother's best interests and the best interests of the nation is not herself worthy to vote," she said in 1904.

Furthermore, she was also against the growing trend to educate women for the workplace. Girls were being "commercialized" she said. Describing her association with young women at the YWCA, she noted, "we had typewriters provided in our schools, we were offering everything to enable them to fill commercial occupations, and we were not doing one thing to develop the domestic side. In other words, we were trying to draft [sic] masculine tendencies on feminine stock, and that has been the tendency of our systems of education for some years."

In her opinion, this tendency was completely wrong, since almost all women would ultimately have to care for a home and family. Adelaide, and women like her, perceived this task as vital to the continued existence of Victorian society. The family was the basis of all



George W. Ross.

Ontario Archives

social institutions, they argued, and unless families were clean, well-fed and morally upright, society would disintegrate. "Educate a boy and you educate a man, but educate a girl and you educate a family," Adelaide said. She pointed to rising crime and divorce rates, along with dropping church attendance, to support her argument that women were not being trained for their life's work. And, with characteristic determination, she took steps to remedy the situation.

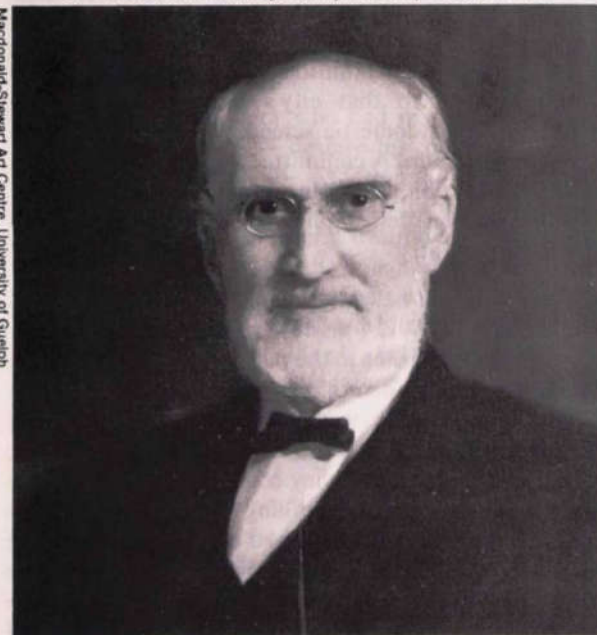
On 20 January 1894, a cooking school opened under the auspices of the Hamilton YWCA. A professional cook, Miss Surridge, had been hired to run the classes, but Adelaide also assisted.

While the new classes were warmly received in some quarters, they became the target of criticism in others. Typically, detractors saw no need for such classes. Weren't women "natural" cooks who picked up their skills from their mothers? The same criticism would be applied to various aspects of domestic science education, and, time after time, Adelaide would refute the arguments with one of her own:

How many homes can be taken as types of what a true home should be? And how can a woman teach what she does not know herself, and in many cases has not had the opportunity to learn before assuming the management of a home and children?

By the spring of 1894, the response to the classes was enthusiastic enough to convince Adelaide that there was a real need for domestic science education. Early in April, she submitted a proposal to the local council of women, asking them to support a request that the National Council of Women endorse domestic science

Sir William Macdonald, from a portrait by J.W.L. Forster.



Macdonald-Stewart Art Centre, University of Guelph



The parlour at Eastcourt, Mrs. Hoodless's home.

education in public schools. The local council agreed, and, a week later, at the annual meeting of the National Council, a standing committee was formed with Adelaide as its national convener. Although its primary focus would be domestic science education, the committee also advocated manual training for boys.

Both manual training and domestic science were classified as industrial training, an educational concept that was gradually winning widespread support. Many Victorians had become convinced that the school system relied too heavily on academic subjects, which most students could not possibly use in the workplace. As Adelaide explained, "The mind is educated while the executive functions have been neglected. The faculties that deal with the realities of life are crowded out of existence by theories and indolent habits are acquired through too constant attention to books." Theoretically, industrial training would reinforce lessons in such subjects as mathematics while giving practice in drafting, woodworking, cooking and sewing, skills which would prove most useful for the majority of students.

Over the summer, the committee approached George Ross, Ontario's Minister of Education, requesting that domestic science become part of the school curriculum.

Ross refused, although he admitted he knew little about manual training. Adelaide, who already had broad expertise in the subject, suggested he visit training schools in the United States during the summer vacation, and he agreed.

Meanwhile, the Hamilton local council of women wrote a letter to that city's Board of Education, requesting that domestic science become part of the school curriculum. A committee was appointed to look into the situation, beginning a series of events which would be more or less duplicated at local school boards across the country.

Over the next several years, the local council and the Hamilton YWCA made various attempts to introduce domestic science to the public schools. Invariably, Adelaide spearheaded these campaigns. Although the Board of Education was politely attentive, forming committees to look into the matter in some instances, board members argued they could not afford to introduce a new program. Something of a compromise was reached when the board allowed older students to take cooking lessons at the YWCA. Finally, when the Ministry of Education recommended that domestic science be introduced in the public schools, the Hamilton board

capitulated, establishing domestic science classes at the King Edward and Caroline Street schools in 1904.

Meanwhile, Adelaide had been winning battles on other fronts. After visiting trade schools in the U.S., George Ross became a convert to the cause, and turned to the indomitable Mrs. Hoodless for help in creating interest in domestic science. As a result, Adelaide became the first woman on the provincial payroll, charged with informing local school boards and teachers about the benefits of domestic science. Adelaide took to this "missionary work", as she called it, with relish, travelling to towns and cities all over Ontario to urge the establishment of classes. If her request went unheeded, it was generally because of lack of funds, not because her audiences were unmoved. As one critic wrote, "I was present at Mrs. Hoodless' lecture on Tuesday evening, and watched with amazement the artistic way in which Mrs. Hoodless put the people of Galt in good humor with themselves, second in the best of good humor with her scheme . . . When Mrs. Hoodless got through [they] would have endorsed any scheme . . . Promoters of whatsoever kind would do well to get Mrs. Hoodless to lecture on the benefits of their project, and no doubt they will get whatever they want."

In 1900, Adelaide became president of the newly opened Ontario Normal School for Domestic Science and Arts in Hamilton. When it became apparent that the normal school would have to expand in order to meet the growing demand for domestic science teachers, Adelaide tackled the problem with typical imagination and energy. Initially, she hoped that an expanded school could be established in Hamilton. The city, however, refused to donate the necessary land. So the decision was made to establish a school at Guelph, close to the Ontario Agricultural College. To finance this project, Adelaide enlisted the aid of Sir William Christopher Macdonald.

An eccentric bachelor who had made a fortune in the tobacco industry — despite his loathing for cigarettes and smokers — Macdonald had already demonstrated interest in manual training for boys. According to Hoodless family tradition, Adelaide got the idea for approaching him while brushing her teeth. She met him for lunch at Montreal's Ritz Carlton Hotel and apparently persuaded him that her project was a worthy one. But Macdonald was hesitant. "I can't do this for Ontario unless I do something for Quebec," he reportedly said.

"Then build one in Quebec, too," Adelaide retorted. "They need it."

Macdonald capitulated. In the fall of 1901, he donated \$125,000 to the Ontario government "for the establishment of a department of domestic science, natural study and manual training in connection with the Ontario Agricultural College, to train public school

teachers from any part of the Dominion, and provide practical education for women, especially farmers' daughters." It would be known as Macdonald Institute, and, a few years later, its Quebec counterpart, Macdonald College, was established at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, near Montreal.

Macdonald Institute opened in 1904. Adelaide was one of the lecturers for a time, teaching a course on the ethics of homemaking. At the same time, she continued to speak to audiences across the country and in the United States. She was also made a special consultant to the Ontario government, and was asked to report on industrial training in the U.S.

Early in 1910, she made a lecture and inspection trip to several American states, then hurried home for the announcement of her daughter Muriel's engagement. On 26 February 1910 she took the train to Toronto to speak at St. Margaret's College on "Woman and Industrial Life."

About fifteen minutes into her speech, Adelaide's voice suddenly failed. Someone offered her a glass of water, which she sipped gratefully before continuing. Moments later, the glass shattered across the platform floor as Adelaide collapsed.

Two women doctors in the audience rushed to her aid, but there was nothing to be done. On the eve of her fifty-third birthday, Adelaide Hoodless was dead.

Flowers and messages of sympathy poured in from around the world. Typical was that of Governor General Earl Grey: "More shocked and grieved than I can say at the announcement of the sudden close of Mrs. Hoodless's splendid activities. Please accept from Lady Grey and myself our profound and heartfelt sympathy."

During the course of her two-decade career, Adelaide had repeatedly stated, "A nation cannot rise above the level of its homes." Everything she did was aimed at raising the level of education, sanitation and comfort in Canadian homes. Nor were the effects of her work limited to Canada. After her death, Madge Watt, who had joined a Women's Institute in British Columbia, introduced the idea to Great Britain. From there, it spread around the world, and, as the Association of Country Women of the World, continues to flourish today.

Indeed, every organization with which she was involved continues to have some impact on Canadian society, especially on the lives of Canadian women and children. More than three-quarters of a century after her death, the strength and determination of Adelaide Hunter Hoodless continue to be felt. ♦

Cheryl MacDonald who lives in Nanticoke, Ontario, is working on a biography of Adelaide Hoodless.

Young Taché

In 1851 An Obscure Oblate Missionary Travelled To France To Become A Bishop

By Hubert G. Mayes

On the morning of Sunday, 23 November, 1851 a young French-Canadian priest found himself standing before the altar of an ancient French cathedral, the central figure in a ceremony which seemed, as he later confessed, an improbable dream. Alexandre-Antonin Taché, who a few months before had been working as an obscure Oblate missionary in the wilderness of the Canadian North-West, was now being consecrated Bishop of Arath and Coadjutor of Bishop Norbert Provencher. The story of why this ceremony took place in Viviers-sur-Rhône and of the young Oblate father's epic journey to Europe is one of those interesting episodes in Canadian history which seldom gain a place in the history texts, but because of their human interest deserve to be told.

In the spring of 1984, while reading a short biographical sketch of Archbishop Taché, I noted with surprise that his consecration as bishop took place not in his native Quebec as one might have expected, but in France. Intrigued by this detail, I consulted the autobiographies, biographies and histories of the Roman Catholic church in the West which would be most likely to provide an explanation. I soon learned that Taché was chosen to be elevated to the rank of bishop when he was only twenty-seven years old because Bishop Provencher, aware of advancing years, was anxious to have a coadjutor and successor in place and had no one as well qualified as Taché. I learned too that the ceremony of consecration took place in France because the founder and Superior General of the Oblate order, Mgr. de Mazenod, Bishop of Marseille, insisted

on performing the ceremony himself in a French cathedral.

While satisfying my curiosity about these matters, I conceived the idea that I could visit Viviers-sur-Rhône and perhaps discover an account of the ceremony in the episcopal archives. Consequently, I added Viviers to the itinerary of a trip to France which I had been planning for some time.

The city, which has a population of about 3500, is on the west bank of the Rhône in the department of the Ardèche, eleven kilometres south-west of Montélimar and about seventy kilometres north-east of Avignon. I arrived on Saturday, 2 June, and the following morning, as a prelude to my research, attended mass in the cathedral. The next morning I was warmly received at the Bishop's Palace by a member of the personnel, Father Chapus. Informed of the reason for my visit by a telephone call, he had already asked the Chancellor, Father Souche, to search the episcopal archives for a record of the consecration ceremony. In a few moments Father Souche arrived carrying the Register of the Cathedral Chapter for 1851. Visibly pleased to be able to produce the document which until then had existed only in my imagination, he opened the register to a detailed description of the ceremony drawn up by the canon who was serving at the time as secretary of the Chapter. At the end of the document the newly-consecrated bishop had signed, below the signature of the Bishop of Viviers, "Alexandre Evêque d'Arath." Was I the first Canadian to see this document? Was it perhaps the first time the register had

Alexandre-Antonin Taché as a young priest.



been opened to this page since that day in 1851? There was no way of knowing the answer to those questions, but having seen no reference to the account in any of the standard historical works, I surmised that it was unknown to students of Canadian history. I shall return to the document later, but first, to understand its significance in the life-story of Taché, we need to know more about the circumstances which preceded the event.

About 1848 Bishop Provencher, wanting to see his successor named while he was still alive, chose as his coadjutor one of his Oblate missionaries, Father Laflèche. Rome was notified of the choice, but in 1849 it became obvious that Laflèche was not strong enough to assume the office of bishop-coadjutor with all the strenuous travelling it would require. Provencher was therefore obliged to fall back on his second choice, Father Taché. Here was a man who had exceptional qualifications: he was energetic, healthy, and well acquainted with the country and the languages of the Indians. In fact he had only one fault — his youth — but that, wrote Provencher, was a fault that he would correct only too quickly, and in any case the Holy See would probably grant a special dispensation. The Archbishop of Quebec was informed of the new choice, and Bishop Mazenod in Marseille was requested to use his influence to bring about a speedy ratification of the appointment by Rome. On 24 June, 1850 Pius IX named Taché Bishop of Arath and successor to Bishop Provencher. As the young man's title was honorary and did not confer any jurisdiction upon him, he was named bishop *in partibus infidelium*, literally "in the lands occupied by the infidels", and given as his diocese the name of an ancient, extinct bishopric.

Provencher would have been pleased to have Taché consecrated in Quebec so that his new coadjutor could get back to his mission post as quickly as possible, but he finally acceded to Mgr. Mazenod's wishes. The news of the appointment reached Taché at Ile-à-la-Crosse in what is now northwest Saskatchewan. Unaware until then of Provencher's plans for him, he reacted with surprise and apprehension. Six months later he arrived at Red River. The next stage of the journey, from St. Boniface to Sault Sainte Marie, was covered by canoe and the rest of the route to Quebec by steam boat. After three weeks in Quebec, Taché sailed for Europe from New York on 18 October. He landed at Le Havre, celebrated mass in Rouen Cathedral, arrived in Paris on 3 November and two days later took the train to Marseille. The railway line linking the two cities was being constructed and the journey was an arduous one — 52 hours in the same carriage, which was pulled part way by locomotives and part way by horses.

Bishop Mazenod gave the young priest a warm welcome and made light of Taché's protests that he was not worthy to become a bishop. "The Holy Father has



Monseigneur Mazenod, Bishop of Marseille.

appointed you," declared Mazenod, "and when the Pope speaks, God speaks." The elderly bishop had arranged for the consecration to take place in the Cathedral of Viviers, as the bishop of this city, Mgr. Guibert, was also an Oblate. Here is the description of the ceremony as related in the document to which I have already referred. The translation is mine.

In the year Eighteen fifty-one, on Sunday, the twenty-third day of the month of November, the Cathedral Church of Viviers witnessed the consecration of Monseigneur Alexandre Taché, a priest of the Oblate order, a native of Canada and a missionary for more than six years among the natives of New Britain, named Bishop of Arrat [sic] and Coadjutor of the Bishop of St. Boniface by the Holy Father Pope Pius the Ninth, at the request of the Bishops of the Province of Quebec, worthy judges of the merit and virtues of the young missionary. His consecrator was Monseigneur Mazenod, Bishop of Marseille, founder and Superior General of the Order of the Oblates, who had reserved for himself this solemn duty as spiritual father and intimate friend of the newly-appointed prelate, and on whose firm orders the latter had consented to take upon



Bishop Provencher.

his shoulders the heavy yoke imposed by the Common Father of the faithful. The assisting bishops were Monseigneur Guibert, Bishop of Viviers, a member of the above-named order, and Monseigneur Prince, Coadjutor-Bishop of Martyropolis (Montreal), who by a fortunate coincidence happened to be in Europe. The latter agreed to serve as assistant bishop to Monseigneur d'Arrat, whose studies he had directed and whose talents he had encouraged. These three bishops, as well as their retinue, who had all arrived the evening before, were received by Monseigneur de Viviers with that cordiality and that warm Christian love which characterize this estimable Bishop, and were lodged at the Bishop's Palace, where they were eagerly visited by the Cathedral Chapter, the clergy of the city and the directors of the Seminary. The ancient Cathedral of Viviers was decorated as it is for the most important religious festivals and displayed on this occasion all the most precious objects it possesses and seemed to grow younger at the memory of its earlier triumphs (the consecration of Mgr. de la Mothe, which took place July 4, 1734.) The evening before, the sound of all the bells announced to the inhabitants of Viviers and the surrounding areas

the celebration which was to take place the next day and the entire population welcomed this announcement with joy and happiness.

The next morning at exactly nine o'clock the Chapter as a body, accompanied by the clergy of the city, the directors of the Seminary and all the students of this institution as well as those of the choir school, made their way in solemn procession to the Bishop's Palace, there to be joined by the Bishops and their retinue whom they led to the Cathedral, singing the *Veni Creator*: there after stopping at the altar of the Blessed Sacrament for a moment of prayer, they sang tierce and immediately afterwards high mass, during which the episcopal consecration took place. The ceremonies, directed by M. Giraudot, one of the directors of the Seminary, were carried out with that precision, that perfect order, that meditative spirit which one notices wherever the members of the Order of St. Sulpice are in charge. The service elevated the minds and hearts of the large congregation which filled the vast nave of the Church; several times tears of happiness flowed from the eyes of the spectators as they witnessed the deep emotion of the new Bishop and his consecrators. After the mass, the Bishop of Arrat, escorted by the assisting prelates, walked around the Church giving numerous blessings to the people who, bowing low, were eagerly waiting to receive them. After sext was sung by the clergy, the bishops were led back in procession to the Bishop's Palace singing the *Te Deum* in the midst of a crowd of people who, it seemed, could never become weary of gazing at them.

On arriving at the Bishop's Palace, Bishop Taché received the congratulations of his fellow bishops as well as those of the Cathedral chapter and of all the clergy, with that simple, modest goodness which is characteristic of him. He addressed a few words of spiritual encouragement to most of those present, and after a few minutes of rest everyone reassembled for a banquet offered by the Bishop of Viviers, which was accompanied by the purest joy, the most perfect order and the most cordial and refreshing informality. At Vespers, Bishop Taché officiated and also gave a very moving address concerning the marvellous workings of providence in establishing Christianity and in the constant spreading of the Gospel to the farthest regions of the globe. He spoke especially of the needs and the experiences of his mission and about the benefits derived from the work of the propagation of the faith in such a touching way that he made a deep impression on his audience. He then gave the blessing with the Blessed Sacrament and thus concluded a day which will leave indelible memories in the minds of all those who had the pleasure of seeing and hearing him before his



Archbishop Taché in later life.

departure. Bishop Taché visited the Seminary, thanked the directors for the wholehearted assistance they had given him, spoke a few words of edification to the large assembly of students and left everyone delighted with his gentle, affable manners, his piety and his knowledge. His Excellency was also kind enough to visit the members of the Cathedral Chapter in the person of its venerable Dean, made a number of remarks which were most complimentary to him and to his confreres, whom he regretted not being able to visit individually because of the short time at his disposal. He then left for Rome, leaving all hearts filled with admiration for his outstanding virtues, his merit and his open, gentle and friendly manner.

+ J. Hippolyte Bishop of Viviers
+ Alexandre Bishop of Arath
(and twelve other signatures)

This colourful account, written by a person who obviously took his task seriously, contains one or two inaccuracies which should be pointed out: first, the misspelling of Arath as Arrat — a forgivable error; second, the reference to Bishop Prince having been in Europe by a happy stroke of fortune — actually he

accompanied Taché from Canada; and last, the rather strange reference to Taché's work among "les sauvages de la Nouvelle Bretagne." This is another very pardonable mistake: most Europeans of the day probably had an extremely vague conception of what lay beyond the Great Lakes in geographical or political terms.

The day after the consecration ceremony Taché and Mazenod left for Marseille. After spending twelve days with his superior, Taché travelled to Rome where he had two audiences with the Pope. One purpose of his visit to the Holy See was to request the Pope to change the name of Bishop Provencher's diocese from "the North-West" (a name which Provencher found too vague) to "diocese of Saint Boniface." This request was granted. Taché also enjoyed his visits to the great monuments of antiquity as well as to the splendid churches of Rome. His visit ended on 12 January and on the 17th he was back in Marseille, again the guest of Bishop Mazenod. The Superior General assigned a priest — Father Grollier — to assist him in the Indian missions and promised to send him in the near future two more priests, Fathers Rémas and Végreville. In addition, Mazenod named Taché his vicar in the diocese of Saint Boniface, which meant that the new bishop would be the superior of all the Oblates who were working in the diocese.

After leaving Marseille, Taché visited Viviers, Montélimar, Lyon and Paris and embarked at Liverpool for the return voyage at the end of February. While in Quebec, he paid a visit to an ailing relative in Berthierville. There, the young vicar of the parish called on him in order to offer his services in the North-West missions and to ask to be admitted to the Oblate order. The name of this young man, who was also to leave a lasting mark on the West, was Albert Lacombe.

Taché, Grollier and Lacombe made their way by steamship to Sault Sainte Marie, but the canoes which were to transport them to Red River had already left, and the three priests were obliged to return to Detroit to complete their journey by railway, boat, horseback and Red River cart. After many trials they arrived on 27 June at St. Boniface. On 8 July Taché and Grollier left Red River for the mission at Ile-à-la-Crosse, arriving on 10 September, 1852, a year and three months after Taché's departure.

Provencher's desire to protect the future of his diocese was prophetic and timely: on 7 June of the following year he died, and Taché, the young priest who had become bishop and coadjutor in the unusual circumstances we have described, began his long and distinguished career as Bishop, and later Archbishop of Saint Boniface. ♦

Hubert G. Mayes is an associate professor of French at the University of Winnipeg.

METLAKATLA

William Duncan On The North Coast Bringing Jesus To The Tsimshians

By J.C. Stevenson

On 23 December 1856, Her Majesty's naval frigate *Satellite* set sail from Portsmouth harbour on the six-month journey around Cape Horn to the British colony of Vancouver's Island. In addition to the usual complement of seamen and officers, she had aboard her a clear-eyed young Yorkshireman en route to the adventure of a lifetime. Just 24 years old and not yet finished his training at Highbury College, Islington, he had nevertheless been chosen as the first teacher and lay missionary to the Tsimshian Indians of the Northwest Pacific Coast by the Church Missionary Society of England. In the next 60 years his exploits there would become matters of world-wide controversy, and his name — William Duncan — a household word.

The mission to the Tsimshians was the brain-child of the *Satellite*'s captain, James Prevost. Two years earlier, while dispensing Her Majesty's justice in the Queen Charlotte Islands, Prevost's Christian sympathy had been aroused by the sight of a "superior" native people languishing in, what appeared to him, conditions of sheer barbarity. Once back in England, he sought to arouse the missionary zeal of his times with a letter of appeal to the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*:

... this vast number of our fellow-subjects have remained in a state of heathen darkness and complete barbarism ever since the discovery and partial survey of their coasts by (Captain George) Vancouver in 1792-94 ... and no effort has been made for their moral or spiritual improvement although dur-

ing the last 40 years a most lucrative trade has been carried out with them by our countrymen. We would earnestly call on all those who have themselves learned to value the blessings of the Gospel, to assist in rolling away this reproach ...
[July, 1856]

The "lucrative trade" of which Prevost writes was in sea otter pelts, so avidly bought up in the nineteenth century by English, Spanish and Russian merchants that the species was brought to the brink of extinction in a matter of 50 years. The traders then turned the Indians inland, offering blankets, guns and rum for an eclectic shopping list of furs, from bear to beaver. The English, or more precisely the Hudson's Bay Company, commanded the river routes to the unplundered interior with a string of well-fortified posts. Chief among these was Fort Simpson — Duncan's destination.

He found a small group of embattled Bay men carrying on the Company's business: "Besides the two officers there are 19 men in the Fort, of which 7 are French Canadians — 3 Sandwich Islanders — 3 Indians from the other side of the Rocky Mountains — 3 half-breeds — one Norwegian — one Scotchman — and one Englishman". This polyglot crew was running the most important trade centre north of Victoria and south of the Russian-controlled port of Sitka. It earned its place by virtue of its strategic location, on Chatham Sound between the Nass and Skeena rivers. All around lay rich trapping lands, the territory of several vigorous and independent Indian tribes.

By Duncan's account, the fort was a substantial installation:

It is a cheerful place — extremely neat and clean and occupying a piece of ground about 80 yards square. All the buildings are whitewashed and surrounded by a very high stockade. At two of the corners is a bastion — each of which contains eight guns . . .

[1 October 1857]

The guns were not ornamental. By 1857 up to 2,500 Indians were customarily encamped around the fort, depending on the season. Most were Tsimshian-speaking, but some were Haida, Kwakiutl, even Tlingit. They were intensely competitive and fractious, their own culture inclining them to outbursts of violence, even without the added factors of liquor, firearms, and the enticing merchandise offered by the traders. In 1855 a group of Tsimshians tried to burn down the fort. Shootings and stabbings were commonly noted in the Hudson's Bay journals of the time:

The head chief "Nestakanoose" had a slave woman killed on account of his Tongass daughter giving away property. We tried to prevent the poor creature from being killed, to no purpose. The Tongass people seem to delight in such things.

[12 February 1857]

The Hudson's Bay men were often in fear for their lives, routinely mounting a watch by night, and allowing no more than 3 Indians inside the palisades at one time. Their reputation was such that Governor James Douglas opposed Duncan's going among them. He protested to the Church Missionary Society, which Duncan says "put me rather in fear that some difficulty was likely before ever I should get to Fort Simpson — if ever I should get there at all". Even Governor Douglas bowed to Duncan's singleness of purpose however, sending him off on the Company supply ship *Otter* on 25 September 1857.

On the way north Duncan was again treated to warnings about the "savage" Tsimshians and pressured to return to Victoria. The advice fell on deaf ears. He guessed that the words of the Bay men had less to do with his safety than with a conflict of interest between the Church and the Bay:

There is but one feeling and motive for these warnings. They (the Hudson's Bay men) care not one straw for the Indians — it is the furs they want, and thus, places where the Indians cannot procure them (such as Victoria) are just the places they would gladly give over into the hands of the missionaries . . .

[26 September 1857]

But Duncan's missionary instincts, and his pride, disinclined him to accept trading company rejects for

his flock. Everything he had seen of the Indians in Victoria had convinced him that the southcoast people were by then too far degraded by contact with white society to make creditable Christians:

The few that survive are mere wrecks, filled with the seeds of White Men's vices and . . . fast falling prey to disease — yet these are the people according to the Hudson's Bay servants with whom we should have most success . . .

[26 September 1857]

Duncan believed that "success" would come not from work among these "wrecks", but from work among the remaining proud tribes. For his idea of missionary endeavour the Tsimshians were an ideal target. He was drawn to them unswervingly, both by assignment — and by intuition.

The Tsimshian people belonged to the richest and most elaborate culture north of the 49th parallel. Favoured by a ready supply of food from the sea and rivers, and in possession of coveted goods for local trade (chiefly the grease of the "oolichan" or candle-fish), they had the means and the leisure time to produce artistic and ceremonial intricacies which still excite the eye and the imagination: painted wooden lodges, fantastical totem poles and ritual masks, ornamental jewellery and costumes, dances, incantations and secret societies.

Some features of the culture were deeply repugnant to Victorian English sensibilities: slavery, the giving away of property in the potlatch ceremony, indiscriminate warfare and acts of personal revenge, and ritualistic celebrations which included acts of cannibalism. An 1841 entry in the Hudson's Bay journal at Fort Simpson describes an incident of the latter:

The Sebassa Indians had today a grand ceremony though to us a most disgusting one. It began in the following manner: the body of a man who died last night was carried into the bush — instantly one of their principal chiefs commenced devouring his remains. When the monster had his dirty belly full of this, he fell to eating the living — man or woman that came his way had to undergo the painful operation of having a mouthful or two torn from their arms. As soon as he was done of his butchery a second followed his example, only that he confined himself to the living . . .

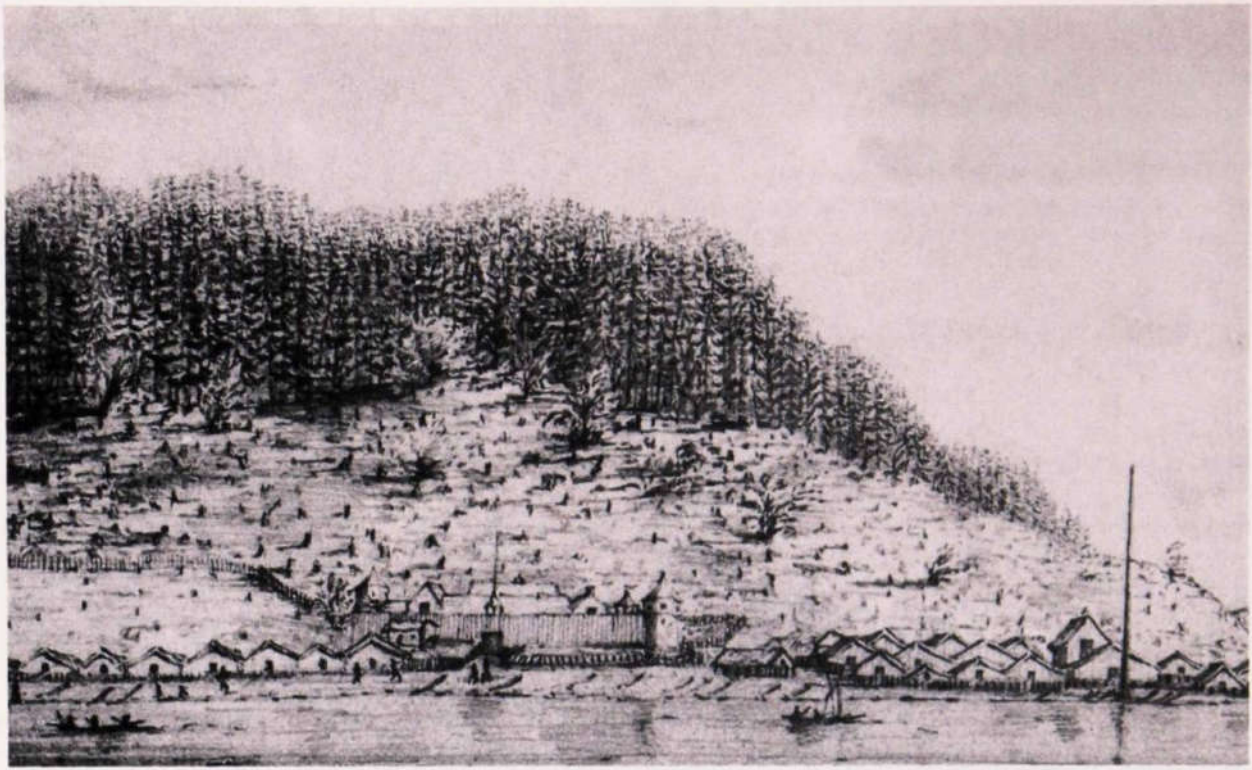
[15 May 1841]

Yet Duncan, like Captain Prevost before him, was struck by the natural abilities of the people he encountered:

They are as usual a fine intelligent race (though) full of cruelty. Specimens of their skill in both the

William Duncan, missionary.





Fort Simpson, 1860.

useful and fine arts which I have already seen have perfectly astonished me. Their superior industry is especially acknowledged . . .

[1 October 1841]

Duncan's reaction to the society of white men and Indians that he was joining was at once vehement and unusual. His letter to the Church Missionary Society on arrival at Fort Simpson expresses prompt sympathy for the Indians and shocked condemnation of his fellow Europeans for the degradation of Indian life:

What I have often heard with my ears I now witness for myself — that intercourse with the Whites and rum are the bane of the Indian races . . . They prostitute their women to become possessors of this precious article (rum), so that drunkenness and prostitution with their attendants — cruelty, murder and disease — are every year enhancing the misery and tending to the destruction of this already wretched people. How loudly do these evils cry out against the White Man . . . O dreadful, dreadful, to see one's fellow creatures like this when the blessed Gospel has been 1,800 years in the world. . . .

[1 October 1857]

With this first judgement of the situation, forgiving the Indians' "weaknesses" in the face of extreme white

wickedness, Duncan set his foot upon the path that would lead, first to his exodus from fort precincts with a faction of the Tsimshians, and 20 years later to another exodus, of himself and his successfully Christianized villagers out of Canada altogether.

None of these tumultuous events were foreseen by Chief Factor W. H. McNeill however, who barely mentions Duncan's arrival with the *Otter* on the night of 1 October. Three weeks later he records that Duncan has commenced an evening school for the men of the fort, as well as a day school for the boys, and a full program of Sunday services. As McNeill observes, "he seems to be indefatigable to do good to all". The numerous classes however, were additional to Duncan's major task, learning the Tsimshian language.

Trade along the coast was conducted in "chinook", a limited jargon. No white man had mastered the complex poetics of Tsimshian. Duncan applied himself, no doubt indefatigably, under the instruction of a recommended Indian named Clah. It took eight long months before Duncan felt ready to deliver his first address in the difficult tongue. In his diary he chafes at his slow progress, but he refuses to take the first crucial step toward the tribes until he can deliver his message with fluency: "What if I should tell them wrong! Or make the all-important message ridiculous in their eyes! No, I must wait a few days more".

The serendipitous result of his delay was rising anticipation among the Indians outside the gates of the fort: "(Clah) told me today that they flock to him outside to hear how I am doing and what I say". For Duncan was something new. The trading relationship with the Bay men held no mysteries, since the Tsimshians were experienced merchants before the arrival of the foreign fur buyers. But the idea of a "teacher" had a different appeal, explained at first by Duncan in terms of a "general belief that Whites possess some grand secret about eternal things, and they are gasping to know it". There was at least as great an eagerness to learn the secular "secrets" of whites as well, as Duncan later realized — and put to good use.

The first address was an ordeal for Duncan, but a great success. He is candid about his fear as he entered the first chief's house and rose to speak, alone before 100 of those Indians whom he had been repeatedly warned against and whose violence he had since witnessed for himself:

My heart quailed greatly before the work . . . I began to think that after all I should be obliged to get Clah to speak to them while I read to them from a paper in my hand . . . My Indian was so unnerved at my proposal that I quickly saw I must do the best I could, or worse would come of it. I told them to shut the door. The Lord strengthened me. I knelt down to crave God's blessing, and afterwards I gave them the address. They were all remarkably attentive. At the conclusion I desired them to kneel down. They immediately complied, and I offered a prayer for them in English. They preserved great silence. All being done I bade them goodbye. They all responded with seeming thankfulness . . .

[13 June 1858]

Nine times that day he stood up before a different chief and his assembled clansmen. It was not until the second address, four Sundays later, that opposition began to surface.

In the meantime, Duncan drew courage from his reception, and began a school outside the stockade for Indian adults and children. On the first day, 26 children and 14 adults were shown the English alphabet, and started on a regimen of copying, drilling and marching. Aware of the incongruousness of the scene, Duncan writes that they "marched heartily, but without a smile. Indeed they seem'd so astonished that they had not the power to laugh". He continued teaching in the following weeks despite gunfire, fighting and a stabbing nearby.

His ministrations were not welcomed by all. In particular, the head men of the ceremonial societies, usually called "medicine men" by the English, were directly threatened by the religious and secular morality preached by Duncan. The ceremonies they conducted, the knowledge they possessed and the power they



Sir James Douglas.

wielded were his immediate targets. By the second Sunday address, they began to register their displeasure:

At my concluding prayer, all knelt, and the exceptions were rare. I observed one man refuse. He is the chief of the cannibal gang and seems hardly to relish any of my proceedings. He sits sullen but says nothing. I fancy he is afraid of losing his craft.

[11 July 1858]

Worse was to come. October was the beginning of the so-called "medicine season", when by tradition the practitioners of the medicine arts carried out elaborate initiation rituals and other revels, which took precedence over ordinary activities. It was a dangerous time for the uninitiated to be abroad. Duncan however refused to cease teaching in the school. Anger against him built, dividing the camp in reaction and reaching a climax on 20 December:

This afternoon a boy ran to strike the steel (bell substitute) and not many seconds elapsed before I saw the head chief (Legaic) approaching, and a whole gang of medicine men after him, dressed up

in their usual charms. The chief looked very angry and bade the boy cease. I waited at the door until he came up. His first effort was to rid the school of the few pupils that had just come in. He shouted at them at the top of his voice and bade them be off. I immediately accosted him and demanded to know what he intended to do. His gang stood about the door, and I think seven came in. I saw their point: it was to intimidate me by their strength and frightful appearance; and I perceived the chief too, was somewhat under the influence of rum. But the Lord enabled me to stand calm and, without the slightest fear, to address them with more fluency in their tongue than I could have imagined possible — to tell them of their sin faithfully — to vindicate my conduct — to exhort them to leave their bad ways, and also to tell them that they must not think to make me afraid. I told them that God was my master, and I must obey Him rather than them, and that the devil had taught their fathers what they were practising, and that it was bad . . .

[20 December 1858]

The denouement came after tension and hostility had risen to a desperate pitch. Duncan writes merely, "Finding their efforts to intimidate me unavailing, he went off". But the Church Missionary Society account, published some 20 years later, adds that Clah, unbeknown to Duncan, had procured a revolver during the row, and stood menacing the medicine party from behind him. It was only this action, they write, that saved his life.

In the next year, both strength and opposition grew. Legaic himself became a pupil; but one of the chief medicine men broke up the school room with a hatchet. A dying Tsimshian gave his daughter into Duncan's care; but Indians persistently went drunk to Sunday services. All in all, however, Duncan was encouraged by the responsiveness of the majority. Even Chief Factor McNeill commented that the winter of '58-'59 was the quietest he had known at Fort Simpson.

And so the twin beams of Christianity and Victorian morality seemed to be penetrating Captain Prevost's "heathen darkness". More and more Duncan became convinced that the chief obstacle lay not in the Tsimshian, but in the surrounding white society, especially the fort itself. His diaries continued to document "drunkenness and revelry" on both sides of the stockade, and he lamented that "God is more dishonoured within than he is without". Blame falls more heavily on those who "bear the name of God" than on those who "have not even heard His name". At last Duncan sadly concluded that "there really does, humanly speaking, seem more hope for the surrounding heathen than for those in the Fort". His lack of hope for them freed him to formulate a radical new strategy for the

progress and salvation of the Tsimshian. They must leave the fort.

One effect which the mission must have upon the Indians will be to make them desire social improvement; how necessary then it is that the mission be established where social improvement is possible. But at Fort Simpson it is *not* possible.

[25 October 1860]

It was not an altogether new thought, for he had written earlier to the Christian Missionary Society that he could see only futility in teaching the Indians another way of life if they faced a web of devilish alternatives at every turn.

In the present state of affairs, no real or permanent good, in my humble opinion, can be effected . . . a colony ought to be established in some spot where industry would be taught and rewarded; and where intoxicating drinks would be excluded . . . Now if such a place as I have spoken were established, then we might reasonably expect the Gospel tree to take root . . .

[1 July 1859]

It was a bold concept, and although no doubt inspired by the model industrial villages of England, it was untried among the heathen. It was also a sharp challenge to the status quo of the camp, and to the Hudson's Bay Company itself.

A number of Duncan's converts were excited by the idea, and nominated an abandoned village site about 17 miles from the fort: Metlakatla. Duncan found it both beautiful and well supplied with resources. By early summer of 1862 the first immigrants were ready to leave.

On the 27th of May, in the afternoon, we started off. All that were ready to go with me occupied six canoes, and we numbered about fifty souls — men, women and children. Many Indians were seated on the beach, watching our departure with solemn and anxious faces; and some promised to follow us in a few days. The party with me seemed filled with solemn joy as we pushed off, feeling that their long looked for flit had actually commenced. I felt we were beginning an eventful page in the history of these poor people . . .

Events began to unfold almost immediately. Three hundred other Indians arrived in June. No sooner had the faithful turned their backs on the fort than it was struck by the worst epidemic of smallpox ever to ravage the coast. At Fort Simpson, one in every five people died. At Metlakatla, there were just 4 deaths in all. It was surely an omen. New adherents flocked to the spot. Soon they were 1,000 strong.

Once the first year of illness, impoverishment, opposition and backsliding was behind them, they began

"It was not ships-of-war that were wanted on this coast, but more missionaries . . ."

to build. Eventually the village consisted of houses for all, complete with garden plots and picket fences, a school, store, guest house, meeting house, mission buildings, workshops, streets with drains and street lamps, and to cap all, a great church seating the whole town. Indians and white men from far and wide came to marvel.

Duncan held to the view, later vehemently attacked as "worldly" by his detractors, that spiritual and material development were inseparable. Accordingly he introduced his followers to industries ranging from soap-making to saw-milling. His aim was both to encourage the Protestant work ethic, and to make the village as independent of the outside world as possible. Nor was the devil likely to find idle hands at any time, for he organized a brass band, taught ball games to the children and home-making to the women. In short, he continued "indefatigable".

It was, within its own terms, an astonishingly successful creation. Its fame as a way of "pacifying" as well as "saving" the Indians spread up and down the coast. Through Church Missionary Society publications, it spread around the world. Governor Douglas began to seek William Duncan's advice on Indian affairs. Captain Richards of *HMS Plumper* wrote to the British government that "it was not ships-of-war that were wanted on this coast, but more missionaries". And in 1876, the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Dufferin, honoured the settlement with a personal visit, heaping praise upon their accomplishments.

I am here . . . to make you feel, by my actual presence, with what solicitude the Queen, and Her Majesty's government in Canada watch over your welfare, and how anxious they are that you should persevere in that virtuous and industrious mode of life in which I find you engaged. I have viewed with astonishment the church which you have built entirely by your own industry and intelligence. That church is itself a monument of the way in which you have profited by the teachings you have received . . .

I hope that you are duly grateful to him who, under Providence, you are indebted for all these benefits, and that when you contrast your own condition, the peace in which you live, the comforts that surround you, the decency of your habitations, . . . the pleasantness and cheerfulness of your domestic lives, contrasting as these do so strikingly with your former surroundings, you will remember that it is to Mr. Duncan that you owe this blessed initiation into your new life.

It would have been hard to forget, as he scarcely left them from that day until his death in 1918.

Yet criticism and dissension were never absent from the village in its subsequent history. Opponents of the new regime ranged from deposed head men of the tribes and secret societies, to coastal rumrunners, to Hudson's Bay Company officials protesting the end of their monopoly. After weathering these and other storms, the community at last was riven by a feud within the Church Missionary Society which pitted Duncan against the Bishop of the Diocese, and outraged by a government land policy which would have reduced their proud village to an Indian reserve. It was too much. In 1887 the dogged William Duncan led another courageous band of Tsimshian immigrants, this time into Alaska, to found New Metlakatla. It was not the end, but a new beginning. ♦

Judi Stevenson is a Toronto freelance writer and filmmaker. She hopes to make a documentary film on William Duncan and the Tsimshians. She is currently working on a film on the Queen Charlotte Islands controversy.

Gray Ghosts On The Dumoine

A Chronicle of Time and the River

By JANET UREN

The Ottawa River runs between Ontario and Quebec like the backbone of a fish, with tributaries stretching out in more or less parallel ranks to both sides. Seventeenth-century explorers penetrated eastern Canada along this watershed; lumber companies made fortunes there in the nineteenth century; today, still largely wild and rocky, the region offers some of the best whitewater canoeing in the country.

One of the wildest and most untouched of the Ottawa's tributaries is the Dumoine. Flowing some 90 kilometres due south from Lac Dumoine, Quebec, it joins the Ottawa 260 kilometres upstream of the capital city. The Dumoine is mostly remarkable, in a country of seasonal waterflow, in that it runs vigorously all through the year. When other rivers have dried to rocky trickles in July and August, there is still a steady, bright flicker of canoes to be seen on the Dumoine. This has been so for many hundreds of years.

The Dumoine's rugged character is an expression of its geography. From the three linked lakes that form its headwaters, the river plunges 46 metres down over the rocky, granite edge of the Laurentian Highlands, from there flowing southward into the low-lying St. Lawrence region. For most of its length, it traces a pattern of falls and turbulent rapids interspersed with small, quiet lakes.

The Dumoine still offers a taste of wilderness and an experience of eastern Canada the way it used to be. Signs of black bear and moose abound in the thick

forest, and there are plenty of beaver, otter, muskrat and waterfowl of all kinds to be seen on the quieter stretches of water. Hawks and eagles nest on the high cliffs that in places line the river.

Four hundred years ago, such rivers were the highways of Canada. Now the country is criss-crossed with roads, and some of the smallest of them actually reach in to the Dumoine. Most canoeists and fishermen prefer to avoid long hours on a rutted, overgrown track, however, by flying into the area by bush plane. This part of the journey begins at a lakeside gas station in the little old town of Des Joachims, on an island in the Ottawa.

Des Joachims — pronounced *Daswisha* — doesn't look like much: An old hotel, a boarded-up general store and a few houses straggling along the lakeshore in the shadow of a pine-crested hill. In fact, this town is a monument to the early history of the region. Most modern travellers are unaware, when they drive into Des Joachims, that this stopping place has been known to travellers on the Ottawa for 400 years and longer.

From 1611 on — when Champlain first came upriver — the Ottawa served as the main highway for explorers travelling westward. Champlain, Brûlé, Radisson and Groseilliers — all came up the Ottawa and portaged around the double set of rapids at what we now know as Des Joachims. In 1611, 1618 and 1635 respectively, three young Frenchmen — Nicholas de Vigneau, Jean Nicollet and Francois Marguerie — wintered with the Algonquin Indians in the area of Des Joachims.

Written evidence is scarce, but since in winter the Indians always moved up into the sheltered valleys of the smaller rivers, it is likely that in these years the Dumoine was first seen by a European.

Algonquin Indians had been migrating along the banks of the Dumoine and other Ottawa tributaries for thousands of years before the arrival of the white man. There were not more than a couple of thousand Indians in the whole Ottawa watershed at the beginning of the seventeenth century, so they tended to move in small bands, leaving little impression on the land they passed through. Until very recently, the faint remains of some Indian pictographs were still visible on the Dumoine.

The Algonquins were a primitive, nomadic people who depended almost entirely on hunting and fishing. Further west, on the banks of Georgian Bay, lived the Hurons, a more sophisticated tribe which divided its time between farming and trading in summer and eating and dancing in winter. In the seventeenth century, when the Hurons began to transport furs to the French in Quebec, the two groups came into contact, and the Algonquins — moving rapidly towards economic sophistication — began to charge a toll for travel on the Ottawa.

A chief called Tessouat set up camp on Iles-aux-Allumettes on the Ottawa near present-day Pembroke, and there he charged a toll for passage on the river. The Algonquins appear to have been efficient gatekeepers: one unfortunate missionary, who along with a party of Hurons was fleeing the Iroquois in 1650, neglected to call at Tessouat's camp. When picked up by roving scouts, he spent several hours hanging from a tree before his apology — and appropriate gifts — were accepted.

Sieur d'Iberville.



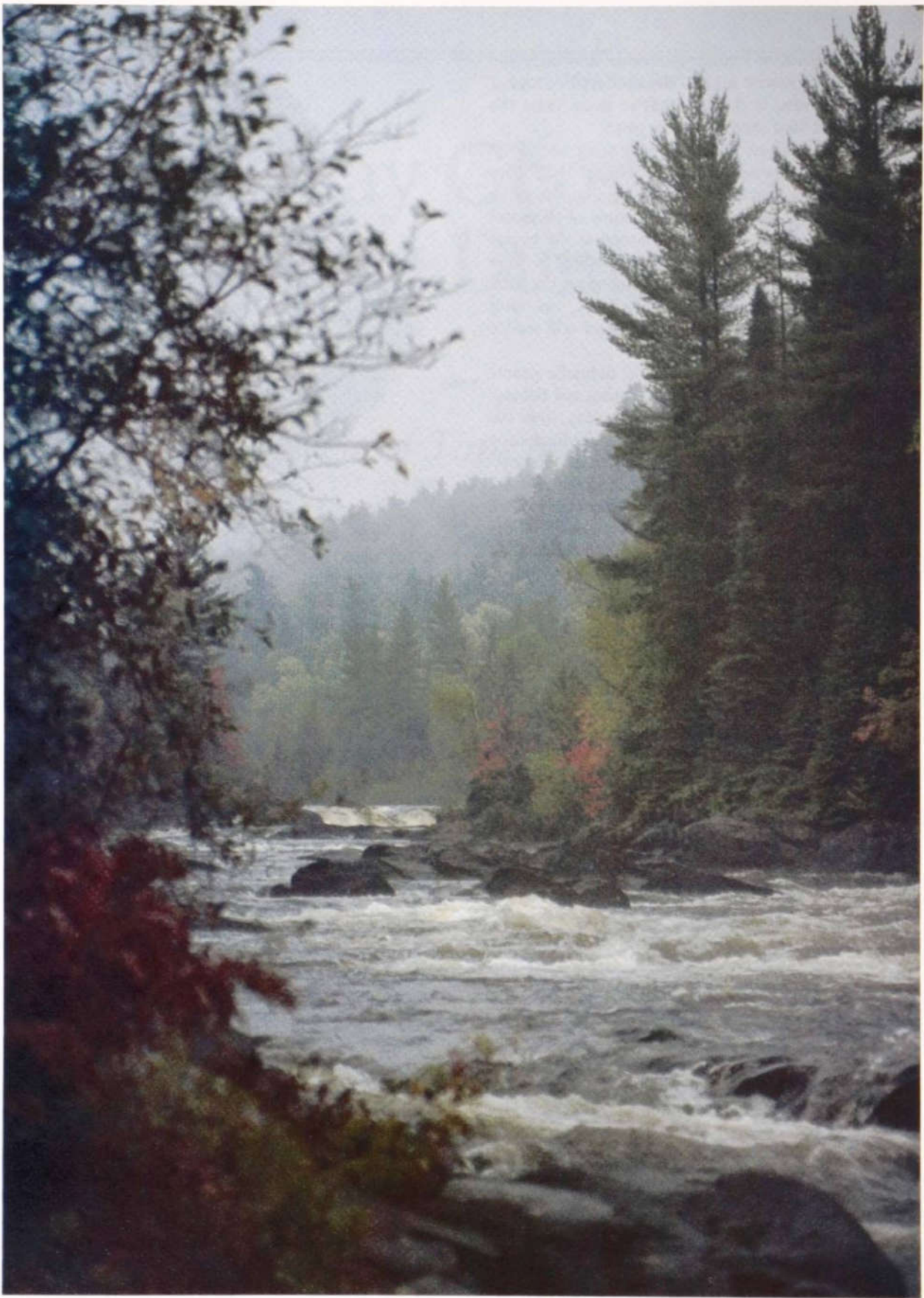
Samuel de Champlain.

In order to avoid paying the toll, the Hurons began to use the Dumoine as an alternate route to Quebec, turning east just before they reached the Isle-aux-Allumettes. Following the river north, and then paddling east through a series of lakes, they were eventually able to reach the St. Maurice River and Trois Rivières. The alternate route also allowed them to avoid the savage Iroquois who had recently come to dominate the lower reaches of the Ottawa.

The Dumoine was probably named for one of the members of a famous French trading family from Montreal — the Le Moynes. One of them, a Sieur d'Iberville, paddled up the Ottawa in 1697 with a party of soldiers on his way to confront the English on Hudson Bay. With him was a younger brother, the 17-year-old Jean Baptiste Le Moyne for whom it is believed that the river was named. The same pair later explored the Mississippi, and Jean won a place in history as the founder of New Orleans.

As the years passed, the fur trade grew in importance. Every spring, huge freighter canoes surged up the Ottawa on their way to rendezvous at the Lakehead with the fur traders from the west. Some of these *voyageurs* camped at the mouth of the Dumoine, and a trading fort was established there in 1730.

The freighters did not turn from their pell-mell race for furs in order to explore the Dumoine. That task was left to the solitary, independent traders, the *coureurs de bois*. They travelled singly or in small groups up the tributaries of the Ottawa, exploring the backwoods and making contact with isolated groups of Indians. They traded axes, knives, glass beads, brass kettles, cloth and liquor in return for fur, and the remnants of such goods have been found throughout the Ottawa Valley.



J. Kearny



Opposite page: The Dumoine is lined in places with tall red and white pine. Grande Chute (above) was a major obstacle both to early traders and to the loggers who followed them.

When the French began, in the mid-1700s, to withdraw their troops from wilderness outposts in order to protect Montreal and Quebec from the English, Fort Dumoine was abandoned, and the impact on the local people appears to have been considerable. Alexander Henry came upriver in 1761, the first English trader to do so, and he recorded a meeting with Indians at the old fort:

At the mouth of the river du Moine is another fort, or trading house, where I found a small encampment of Indians called Maskegons, and with whom I bartered several articles, for furs . . . They anxiously enquired, whether or not the English were in possession of the country below, and whether or not, if they were, they would allow traders to come to this trading house, declaring that their families must starve, unless they should be able to procure ammunition and other necessaries. I answered both these questions in the affirmative . . .

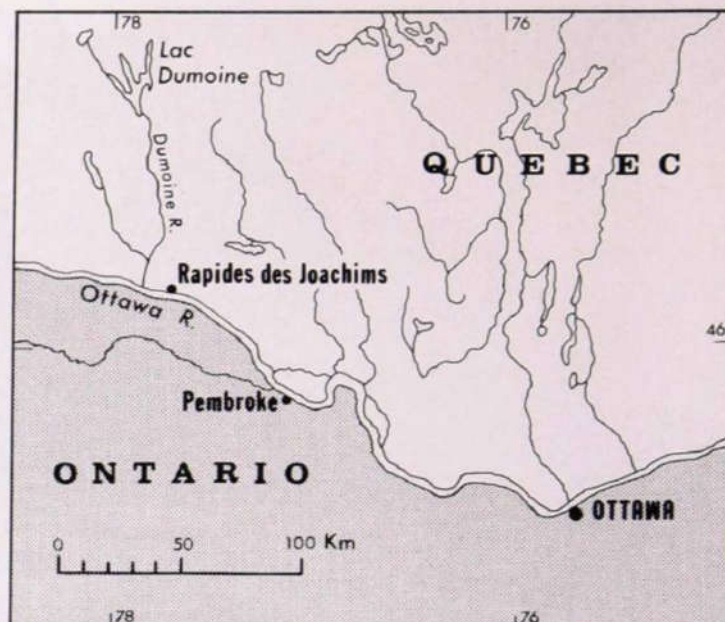
For 50 years or so after Henry's expedition, the fort continued in intermittent use, first by the independent traders (sarcastically called the "Pedlars" by the rival Hudson's Bay traders), and after 1821 by the Hudson's Bay Company itself. After that, as travel on the Ottawa dwindled in favour of the Great Lakes route, the build-

ings gradually fell into disuse and disrepair. In 1950, with the building of the hydro-electric dam at Des Joachims, the site was drowned under the large, man-made Lake Holden.

The rapids at Des Joachims were first noted on a 1645 map drawn by a Jesuit, Père Bressani, on his way to minister to the Hurons on Georgian Bay. Chevalier de Troyes, who in 1686 led a party of soldiers north to fight the English on Hudson Bay, reported that there were two portages there, 1,000 and 1,060 paces respectively. He named the place the *Rapides des Jouachims de l'Estang*, probably after a relative of Marie Petit de l'Estang, who was his wife.

Early references to the portages were numerous and bitter. Alexander Mackenzie, on his way to discover a route to the Pacific, noted tersely that they were, "Both very bad roads." Nicholas Garry, in the early nineteenth century, was more vocal in his criticism when he described the ordeal at Des Joachims:

Here we were dreadfully annoyed by the Mouchestik, or Sand Fly, a little black treacherous Rascal more venomous than the Musquitoe and so insidious that you cannot keep them off. Our People were streaming with Blood, indeed their Sufferings were this Day very great; the Heat was excessive, the



Thermometer 90 in the Shade, the carrying Places over rugged Mountains without shelter from the Sun and the attacks of Musquitoes and Mustiks.

As travel on the Ottawa increased, more and more people began to come to Des Joachims — most of them lumbermen — and a prosperous little town grew up there. By the 1880s, the Dumoine was a well established part of those great tree-covered expanses known collectively as the “lumbering counties”, and it was being aggressively exploited by a number of companies. The area was by no means as remote as it had been, since the railway was pushed through in that decade. Also, there was steamship service on the Ottawa from Pembroke to Des Joachims, and the town boasted a landing, as well as timber slides and booming facilities to serve the lumber companies.

In 1881, the Oblates — a Catholic missionary order — sent a priest to Des Joachims with orders to rebuild the chapel and to start a school there. Apparently, the priest found that he was arriving in an altogether too lively community, for he wrote that the chapel was “too close to the inn to suit him”. He also noted that “the people show great good will, but the level of their religious instruction and temperance leave a lot to be desired.”

In 1885, this same father recorded that there were 13 families in Des Joachims, and another 14 scattered within a few miles along the banks of the Ottawa; on the Dumoine itself, there were another 12 families, some of them Indian. Such was the flow of immigration at this time that only two years later the Oblates were able to record 145 families in the same area,

although still very few of them on the Dumoine. In 1897, the first school opened with 24 students.

The Oblates, in the early 1840s, had set themselves the onerous task of ministering to isolated settlers and lumbermen. The priest at Des Joachims, in particular, was responsible for the spiritual welfare of lumbermen on the Dumoine. From January to March, when winter opened up the dense bush and lumbering was at its height, the priest travelled constantly, spending usually no more than a night at each encampment.

Travelling as much as eight or nine hours a day by horse or sleigh, such missionaries wore fur robes over their cassocks and protected their faces from the bitter cold with thick woollen scarves. It was a hard life, and one priest commented wryly that, “en Canada la neige et les tempêtes sont choses bien communes pendent ces trois mois de l’année.”

On the Dumoine, the headquarters of the logging operations were at Rowanton — where a tall ruined chimney can still be seen. There were also small huts scattered throughout the timber lease, and it was these outposts that the priests struggled to reach.

The logging huts, or shanties, were rough in the extreme. Built small and windowless in order to conserve heat, they had a central fire built in a sandpit and there was an opening in the roof for smoke. After a day’s work in the forest, men crowded in and laid out their wet clothes to dry around the fire. The atmosphere must have soon been thick with the smell of steaming wool and the babel of accents that ranged from English and French-Canadian to Irish, Scots and Scandinavian.



Loggers on the Dumoine, nineteenth century.

The priest's visit was an important break in the monotony and — after a simple meal of bread, pork and beans and very strong tea — it was time for catching up on news, arm-wrestling, music and dance. Later in the evening, the priest heard confession, led prayers and administered the sacraments. At 4:30 the next morning, he rose to celebrate Mass and eat breakfast before setting off for the next camp.

By the end of the century, lumbering was well established on the Dumoine, and every spring the rapids were full of logs making their way down to the Ottawa. Most of the lumbermen didn't know how to swim, and death by drowning was common. One year, for example, a boat upset at the bottom of Big Steel Rapids, and the company paymaster died. He was buried at the bottom of the rapids and, as customary, his boots were nailed to a tree above him. So many good boots were nailed to trees along the lumbering rivers that those who needed a new pair often traded in their own.

Settlement on the river had not kept pace with the growth of lumbering, and colonization had proceeded slowly in that wilderness of rock and pine. In the 1850s, when the Laurentian Shield was little known, some ill-informed bureaucrats had indeed worked to pro-

mote settlement there, and a trickle of poor Irish and landless French-Canadians had come north to take up land. Some stayed a year or two; some stayed for two or three generations; most are now gone.

Lumbering was the only thing that made farming possible in those early years in that it provided a ready market for farm produce. Wilderness farmers, scratching at the few thin pockets of hillside soil, were able to produce the hay, oats and pork that the lumber industry needed. Lumbering, along with trapping, also provided alternate winter employment for those farmers, and a small cash income. It was a fragile relationship, however, and the shift of lumbering activity from one area to another often left such producers high and dry; also, over the years accessibility improved, and the companies began to import better and more varied supplies from further afield. One after the other, the farms on the Dumoine were abandoned.

Most of the farms that once stood on the banks of the Dumoine have long since disappeared into the bush. However, one farmstead survives, though it is no longer worked, at Sheerway. It was owned at the turn of the century by one Adelard Sauve, whose wife was known in the region as an active trapper. Some years later,



Log buildings at Sheerway testify to a long and largely unsuccessful attempt to farm the rocky soil. The buildings are now owned by the Dumoine Rod & Gun Club.

Charlie and Margaret Johnson bought the farm. Charlie acted as the "unofficial caretaker" of the upper end of the Dumoine Rod & Gun Club, established in 1918, and their fine old log house was for many years a refuge for sportsmen.

Charlie Johnson was killed in 1952 when his plane crashed into the mountain just north of the lodge. The club bought the house and the land around it for \$5,000, installed lights, plumbing and a gas refrigerator, and made it the centre of their hunting and fishing activities. This is one of the few spots on the Dumoine which can be conveniently reached by road, and it is the only section where humanity intrudes. The short stretch of river between Sheerway and Red Pine rapids is dotted with hunting cabins and cottages, and sometimes the drone of a small motor boat can be heard there.

Farming is a thing of the past on the Dumoine; trapping continues sporadically on a very small scale; only logging is still a major activity.

Canoeing is the recreational newcomer. Ten years ago, there were very few canoes on the Dumoine; indeed, whitewater canoeing was virtually unknown. Then an Ottawa company began taking groups of canoeists down the river and training them on the excellent intermediate-level rapids there. Interest in canoeing has mushroomed since then, and now on any long

weekend between May and October, the river is dotted with dozens of brightly coloured whitewater craft.

It is not immediately apparent what these gortex-clad adventurers in their plastic and aluminum craft have in common with the old *coureurs de bois*. Modern canoeists go to the Dumoine for pleasure, speeding downstream in excited groups, feasting at night on steaks and chocolate pie; the old ones mostly came alone, pushing and lining birchbark canoes up the rapids, keeping out the rain with leather and wool, and living on tea, beans and salt pork.

What they share, of course, is the river. Walk down to the water on any cool September morning. Splash the sleep out of your eyes and reflect that those shadowy trees half lost in sunny mist have been seen like that for hundreds of years. The men who came here to trade furs or cut trees also heard the bright rustle of water over stone and felt the great, empty wilderness stretching out for countless miles in every direction. This wild little Canadian river ties us firmly to our past; it also lets us into a wilderness that is still our heritage. ♦

Janet Uren is an Ottawa-based freelance writer and editor. She is a whitewater canoeist and has travelled the Dumoine River many times.

A Young Girl In The Old West

By SHELAGH NOLAN



In August of 1883 the Canadian Pacific Railway tracks reached the tiny settlement of Calgary, NWT, where a North West Mounted Police fort and a Hudson's Bay Company trading post had been established some eight years previously. During the next twelve months over 500 new settlers travelled into the area, among them a young Englishman named Thomas Lee, with his Canadian wife and two daughters.

The elder girl, Mary Elizabeth, was nicknamed Minnie; she was fourteen years old when her family arrived in Calgary in April of 1884. The train journey from Toronto had taken nine days: "Mother made me hide my long legs when the conductor came round," Minnie recalled years later, "as I was travelling on a half-fare ticket." She also remembered that her mother's first impression of Calgary "was rather one of disgust. I don't know what she expected, but evidently it was not up to her expectations . . . Her idea was to get back to civilization as soon as possible."

In the event, Mrs. Lee never returned to Ontario. The family spent the rest of their lives in the West, where in middle-age Minnie wrote out some recollections of her early days:

On reaching Calgary we were all dressed up. I had a sailor hat, beige colour, with a wreath of cher-

ries round it. I thought it very smart. We came in a caboose attached to a freight train from Swift Current.

Calgary that April was very much a frontier settlement. The I.G. Baker Company's bull teams still hauled freight in over the trail from Fort Benton on the Missouri River. Many of the newly-arrived settlers lived under canvas, but the Lees were lucky enough to acquire a wooden lean-to attached to the side of an existing dwelling. It was too small to accommodate them all, so Minnie slept in the spare room of the family next door.

She was taken to visit the I.G. Baker store:

Standing by the door on this occasion was a young man named Bowen. His brother was the manager for the I.G. Baker Company. This young man was a Southerner, coming from Virginia. He was nineteen years old, and had come West to go into the trading business.

Minnie, as we have seen, was tall for her age, and Willie Bowen may have judged her to be older than her years. In any case he invited her to a dance to be held on 24 May in Boynton Hall: "This started my dancing career at a much too early age," she wrote.

*The first CPR station, Calgary 1884. The sight of it made Mrs. Lee yearn to return to "civilization".
Page 49: The Lee sisters, Mary Elizabeth (right) and Florence, shortly before they left Toronto, 1884.*



Glenbow Museum, Calgary



Group in front of I.G. Baker store, Calgary, 1881. The young boy sixth from the right is thought to be Willie Bowen.

"I learned to dance quite easily thanks to Willie Bowen."

That summer Minnie "more or less ran wild", though running wild, she hastens to assure her readers, "did not mean the same as it does now." Nevertheless her mother must have been quite relieved when "a school of sorts" was opened, though the seats were rough benches and the desks a wooden shelf all around the room:

I made my first appearance there accompanied by my mother who carried a stick, which she would have used had I refused to go in. You can imagine my chagrin at first of all having to go to such a school, and appearing as I did . . . I sat up near the window and thought myself very superior.

A faithful Roman Catholic, Mrs. Lee took her daughters with her to Father Albert Lacombe's church:

The Church was East of the Elbow on a high point and we had to cross the railway bridge on a plank and try and not look at the water below. The half-breeds looked very picturesque in Church with their gay coloured clothes. A half-breed named McGillis sang the Mass without music. He was a very stout man and sang quite lustily, so that his stomach was a sort of bellows which blew in and out. Below the stomach he wore a half-breed's red ceinture. I was fascinated with him. Then we had the Reverend Father Claude who preached in three languages, Cree, French and English. You can imagine how long this all took.

The Lees moved into a house which had been dragged across the frozen Elbow River when the town was relocated on the west bank the winter before. They were comfortably settled there by 1885, in time to note the outbreak of the second Riel rebellion:

We were all in a state of excitement over the comings and goings of troops. It was an early Spring and Father had planted a garden on some land adjoining the Barracks. This garden was tramped on by a band of horses which came from the mountains to carry provisions up North. A man named Hamilton was in command at the Barracks at the time, the Mounted Police having gone North.

During the Spring there were many rumours of Indian uprisings about. One I remember distinctly when a telegraph operator at Langdon wired Calgary that he had seen a band of Blackfoot on the warpath. This news was most disconcerting to say the least.

A Home Guard was immediately formed and all the old pistols and guns and whatnot were requisitioned and the town took on quite a martial air . . . My friend Willie Bowen was armed to the teeth. He rode round to show off and promised to protect me at all costs.

Some of the saner heads suggested that Father Lacombe, who was a great friend of the Chief of the Blackfoot, go down to Gleichen on an engine to try and quell the disturbance. In a few hours he



Private Collection

Monarch of the Prairies by Frederick A. Verner.

returned and told the people to go to their beds, all was quiet on the reserve.

Mainly through Father Lacombe's influence the Blackfoot did not rise. They were a powerful body and could have done great harm to the few people in Calgary.

The Mounted Police had all gone so that Calgary was left without any protection excepting the Home Guard. In the North the Mounted Police were not allowed to show their authority awaiting the arrival of General Middleton and his troops. Everyone was firmly convinced that had the Police acted quickly the Rebellion would have been over in no time.

As it was the Indians became more daring and thought the others were afraid.

Minnie concluded that "the whole affair could have been prevented had the government in power used any common sense in dealing with the half-breeds. These poor things had been born in the West and their wishes should have been considered." Of Riel she wrote: "People who met him found him most affable . . . Some of the nuns of the Faithful Companions were taken prisoner by him. They nursed his wounded and were well looked after."

After the Rebellion "there was the rejoicing," and Calgary settled down once more to its daily routine.

Riding and dancing continued to be Minnie's chief amusements, and Willie Bowen was her escort on most occasions. On Sundays after church the two young people often rode out into the hills overlooking the town, where Willie presented Minnie with a small revolver which he taught her to use. She kept it all her life as a souvenir of the boy who had "read me poetry and made me think all was right with the world."

After Minnie left school, she still found her days fully occupied. She studied music and other ladylike accomplishments at the convent of the Faithful Companions, and was later employed at the post office, where she remained for seven years. When the assistant postmaster retired Minnie was promoted to his position, "though not at his salary," she noted tartly. She described her job:

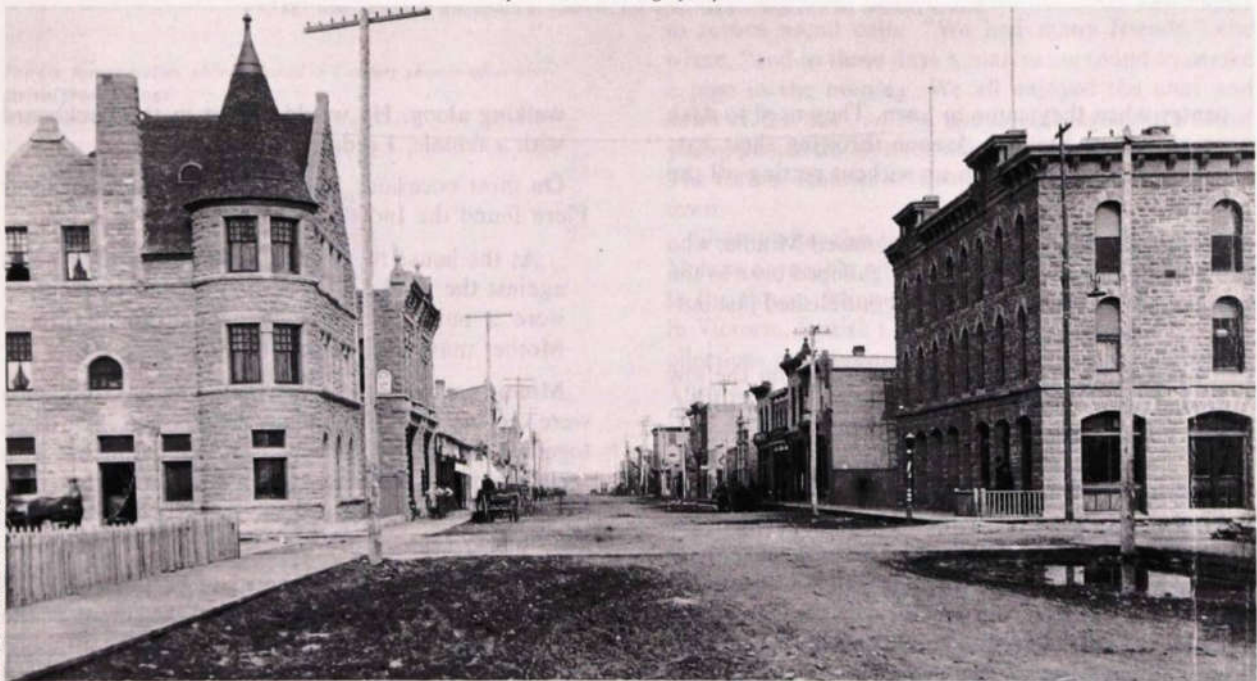
We worked long hours, from 8 to 8 in those days. The money order business grew greatly and we were kept very busy at times. The ranchers used to come in from High River, Pine Creek and all the other settlements. We always gave them their mail in Calgary, a fact they appreciated.

In this way I came in contact with many nice men, and I may say that I never had a word of disagreement with any of them . . . The main street of Calgary was used as a racetrack by these cowboy



Stephen Avenue, Calgary, 1884-1885.

Stephen Avenue, Calgary, April 1890.





Sarccee Indians on Stephen Avenue (now 8th Avenue) in downtown Calgary, circa 1887.

gentry when they came to town. They used to dash up and down Stephen Avenue throwing their hats down, then picking them up without getting off the horse.

These equestrian feats quite impressed Minnie, who had a horse of her own and often galloped over to the mission that Father Lacombe had established just outside the town:

I remember once crossing the prairie on the low ground on Seventeenth Avenue and First Street East, and going through the Indian encampment. Old Bull's Head came out and shook me by the arm, much to my horror; I was on my way to vespers. After the vespers I told Father Lacombe of my plight and he said, "My girl, you must never go near those teepees again." He sent me home in his buckboard and cayuse with the old Brother driving. On another occasion Father Lacombe met me while he was driving and gave me his conveyance to drive home, he

walking along. He would not sit in the buckboard with a female, I judged the reason.

On most occasions Minnie and her younger sister Flora found the Indians very friendly:

At the house the squaws would paste their noses against the windows to see us. Fair haired children were a novelty to them and one Indian offered Mother many ponies for Flora.

Minnie remembered that the Indian encampments were very noisy, "especially at night, when their dogs, together with the odd coyote, made night hideous with their barking." She described a sun dance that took place in a Sarccee camp near the Weasel Head Crossing one Sunday afternoon:

The Medicine Man seemed to be the master of ceremonies . . . It was he who tied the sinews of the young brave to a piece of stick which was attached to a long pole in the centre of the teepee. All round

the teepee the Indians and squaws sat singing the Indian song, "hi, hi," to the accompaniment of tom-toms. The idea was for the Indian to break the sinews of his chest and back without flinching in order to become a brave. This practice was afterwards forbidden by the government.

The Mounted Police were the representatives of the government in the tiny community. "They were always our friends," Minnie wrote, "and the Barrack dances were an institution." She described the festive appearance of the dancing hall, "decorated with buffalo robes, bayonets, guns and flags. The ladies' room was curtained very decorously with gray blankets, and the sit-down supper was always a feature. The uniforms added much to the gaiety of the scene and the music was all one could wish for."

Minnie's father decided to acquire homestead land, and "took up a Ranch" north of the Bow River. "Mother would have none of it," Minnie wrote; Mrs. Lee preferred to invest in town property, where she could observe the advance of civilization from the comfort of her own verandah. Calgary continued to grow, leading in due course to "the next great event . . . the arrival of one P.J. Nolan from Ireland." Minnie discovered that this young newcomer "was not a dancing man"; nevertheless she found him an acceptable suitor. All previous admirers were soon forgotten and their marriage took place in St. Mary's Church in April, 1894:

I had a wedding dress with a veil and train . . .
Flora was a bridesmaid. She didn't have a new dress.
Mother thought the white one she had would do.

Patrick James Nolan, photographed in Calgary shortly after his arrival from Ireland.



Father Albert Lacombe.

Minnie's husband was a criminal lawyer, and also did some newspaper work. "In later years," she wrote, "he did most of the Eye-Opener." The young couple rented a house on Fourth Avenue, and in the afternoons Minnie drove out elegantly with her horse and buggy to return social calls. "We had many friends," she wrote, "and in those days a man came round to smoke a pipe in the evening. We all enjoyed the chat and news of the day . . . The tennis club brought a lot of young people about as it was next door to our house." The former frontier settlement had become a civilized town.

Shortly after this the memoir ends, leaving the young Nolans agreeably situated in life and looking forward to the future. Minnie lived to the age of 93 and died in Victoria, British Columbia. She had hoped her recollections would prove interesting to her grandchildren. They also deserve a place in the permanent record of the Canadian West. ♦

Shelagh Nolan is a grandchild of Mary Elizabeth Lee. She is a Calgary-based freelance writer.

A Banished Heritage

By Peter C. Newman

COPLALOOK
Chief Trader, Hudson's Bay
Company 1923-1939

By A. Dudley Copland. Watson & Dwyer, Winnipeg, 1986. 260 pp., illus. \$24.95.

They stare out of these remarkable pages like the men and women in Walker Evans's famous photographs of Appalachia or those haunting slashes of pigment with which van Gogh portrayed the Boringe coal miners: flat eyes, prominent cheekbones, looks that betray not a glimmer of duplicity — faces very different from the urban masks most of us wear.

Upon closer examination, their glances seem to reveal a glint of accusation. These are pictures of dead men and women representing a dead culture and what, it seems to me, they are posthumously asking is why we paid so little heed to their valiant efforts to carve out a civilization on the frozen top of the world. They are long gone now, their names and deeds consigned to that crowded corner of obscurity reserved for Canadian heroes. Like the statues of bypassed saints in the cathedrals of post-revolutionary France, they represent a banished heritage no longer fashionably worshipped.

The Hudson's Bay Company — that offbeat mercenary army which once ruled the North — was an essential ingredient in their epic adventures and in his new book, *Coplalook*, Dudley Copland attempts to revive their world. He succeeds admirably.

In June 1923, Alfred Dudley Copland left his native Peterhead,



Dudley Copland

in Scotland, indentured as an apprentice clerk at \$240 per annum to the Company; within a month he was trading pelts with the Inuit at Chesterfield Inlet. For the next sixteen years he crisscrossed the Arctic by snowshoe, boat, dog team and a Junkers airplane, learned the Inuit language, wore their caribou hides, shared their sorrows and exulted in their survival.

His memoir is written in a matter-of-fact style suitable to his subject; Copland understands the power of understatement. Take this story of a wind storm at Eskimo Point in 1926 — no complicated adjectival flourishes, just a bald statement: "During the storm one of the Catholic priests tried to make his way out to the snowhouses with a rope around his waist. The wind got under his cassock and lifted him off his feet. He returned to the shelter of the mission building in a hurry."

His hero seems to have been Ralph Parsons. In one of the few emotion-tinged passages of the book, Copland sings the praises of his former boss: "He was a natural leader, a man of vast arctic experience. When he opened the trading post at Wolstenholme in 1909, it was two years before any Inuit appeared to trade. When he had at length convinced the London office that the arctic trade was worth developing, he rapidly organized and expanded his 'kingdom' until the Company was trading with every group of Inuit throughout the Eastern Arctic. Each of the tiny arctic settlements was a memorial to his vision, for each area had been carefully studied and the location of the post decided upon, so that the maximum amount of produce might be obtained from the hunters."

Notes of humour creep into this autobiography when Copland describes, for example, the post manager's house George Cleveland built at Repulse Bay. The floors were of V-jointed lumber and the proper flooring was used to build the walls but, for some reason, the windows had been reversed so that they opened from the outside — not the ideal situation, especially since that meant the storm windows had to be mounted inside the room.

The best chapters are devoted to the mundane, everyday business of the Company, carried on as it then was in unheated stores. "We became proficient at writing counter slips wearing hairy caribou-skin mittens. In addition to wearing the usual woollen socks, duffle stockings and deerskin boots, we sometimes had a dogskin mat to stand on. This helped to keep us warm throughout an hour

or two of trading. Each group of tokens traded brought us closer to the warm kitchen and a hot cup of coffee."

It was a fascinating if sequestered existence, and Copland touches the heart of the matter when he writes: "One reason that the Hudson's Bay Company had success with its fur trade staff was that it delegated responsibility right down the line and stood behind every decision made by the staff at the outposts."

That was partly why the HBC's competitors — the Lamson Hubbard Company, Seballum Trading Company, the Arctic Gold Exploration Syndicate and Revillon Frères — all succumbed to the HBC and

that was why, when Copland finally went home to Scotland for a holiday, he returned early to get back to his beloved outpost.

But by 1939 the fun had gone out of his adventures. Copland suffered the dismal fate of most conscientious servants of the Company: he was promoted to Head Office. He arrived there as emphasis on the fur trade was downgraded and as the merchandisers and marketeers took over. "These skills," he remarks with what may be the ultimate understatement of this understated book, "were foreign to the men of the remote quiet places."

So Dudley Copland left the service, having given the HBC his

best years, his undivided loyalty, and, as he puts it "sold the blankets off my bed to maintain its reputation."

That reputation was and is high, but mainly because men like Dudley Copland were there to nourish it.

Peter C. Newman's most recent book is Company of Adventurers, a history of the Hudson's Bay Company. He is working on volume two of his HBC history and is planning a history of Canada to be published by Penguin Books.

Maintaining the Right

SHOWING THE FLAG

The Mounted Police and Canadian Sovereignty in the North, 1894-1925.

By William R. Morrison. University of British Columbia Press, Vancouver, 1985. 220 pp., illus. \$18.95.

It is a decade now since the publication of R.C. Macleod's *North-West Mounted Police and Law Enforcement* pioneered a scholarly and analytical approach to the history of the Mounted Police on the prairies. Earlier RCMP historiography has been characterized by uncritical and romantic chronicles of heroic deeds and epic tales of self-sacrifice. Nowhere was this more true than in the literature that described the force's role in opening up the Canadian North. In books like Steele's *Policing the Arctic*, the scarlet-coated Mountie fearlessly patrolled the Arctic wastes, pushing back the frontier, protecting the indigenous peoples and relentlessly pursuing justice. By the 1930s he had become a stereotypical figure whose exploits along with his faithful dog team were the subject of numerous novels, comic books and Hollywood movies.

By S.W. Horrall

In *Showing the Flag* Professor Morrison does not ignore outstanding human endeavour. He describes in detail some of the great patrols by men like Joy, Stallworthy, Anstead and Makinson. He also records the tragedy of Fitzgerald and his companions, and of Mrs. Clay, the wife of Corporal Clay, who died after her dog-savaged leg was amputated. Although not without its heroics, this book concentrates rightly upon the more mundane activities of the Mounted Police.

Following in Macleod's footsteps the author has set out to analyze perceptively the role of the police in the final chapter of Canada's manifest destiny. The themes he explores are an essential background for an understanding of the problems in the North today; the impact of the police as agents of government policy, and representatives of an alien metropolitanism; their paternal role in helping the aboriginal peoples adjust to new values in a rapidly changing society, where technological advances would quickly overwhelm their traditional ways. He rightly concludes that the period 1894-1925

is the crucial period as far as cultural shock is concerned for the North and its peoples. When the first police detachments made their way down the Mackenzie River many Inuit had still not seen a white man. By 1925, the advent of the airplane, radio, and the beginnings of urbanization among the Inuit and Indians marked the end of Canada's last frontier. The research is impressive and thorough. There are forty well-chosen black and white photographs and adequate maps for those unfamiliar with the geography of the North.

The principal reason for sending the Mounted Police into the North, the author argues, was to protect Canadian sovereignty. They were chosen for the task because of their proven record on the prairies. Once again they would be expected to perform a multitude of government duties. They would act as customs officers, mining recorders, Indian agents, game wardens, registrars of vital statistics, coroners, magistrates and hold any other office Ottawa saw fit to put upon them. The Mounted Police were a source of cheap government, as Macdonald had originally intended them to be.

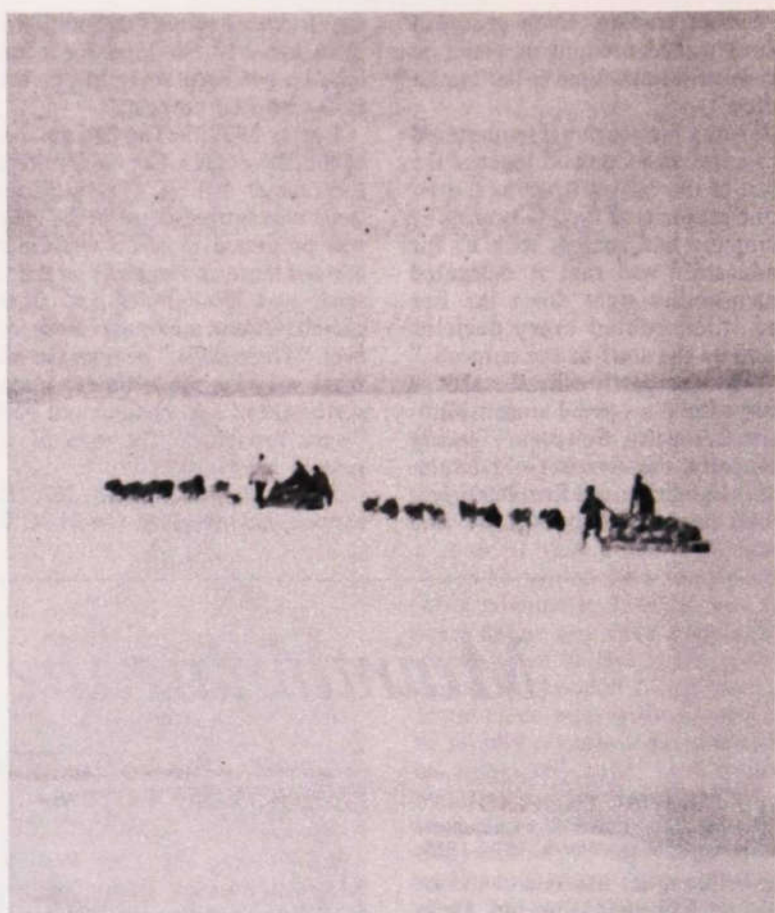
What is more the police would not grumble about the harshness of the climate and the primitive living conditions. They would accept their role as a great challenge.

Beginning in the Yukon in 1894 the government used the police to counter recurring threats, real or perceived, to Canada's territorial integrity. Each time they were despatched to a new trouble spot, another part of the North was brought under Ottawa's control. In the Yukon, it was the presence of American miners and the fear of annexation. It was here that the only possibility of disorder raised its head when the police in a confrontation with the Americans made it clear that Canadian laws and not those of the miners' courts would prevail. Later the police were sent to the Mackenzie Delta and Hudson Bay to keep an eye on the activities of American whalers. This book details each new threat to which the police responded. The final move into the high Arctic came in the 1920s in response to claims made there by Danish and Norwegian explorers.

What Ottawa expected of the Mounted Police was not just the raising of the flag, but a demonstration of sovereignty. This was achieved by the enforcement of some Canadian laws or regulations. One pretext for sending them to uninhabited Ellesmere Island was to protect the musk ox from being hunted.

Professor Morrison argues that once sovereignty was protected Ottawa didn't concern itself very much about anything else in the North. Along with the traders and missionaries, the police were left to introduce the cultural "blessings" from down south as best they could. They were handicapped, however, by the Canadian Victorian middle-class attitudes on morality, the virtue of hard work, cleanliness and self-help that they brought with them. There was the inevitable double standard. Ottawa was there to reinforce it. In such isolated conditions the police understandably established liaisons with Indian and Eskimo women, but legal marriage was officially disapproved of.

Because of their preconceptions



Patrol leaves Baker Lake for the arctic coast, March 1917.

the Mounted Police tended to see the Indians as a shiftless and improvident people, who would rather beg than work. By contrast they found much to admire in the self-reliant Inuit who had so skillfully mastered their environment. Indeed in the early years the police themselves had to learn from the Inuit in order to survive. They were sympathetic nevertheless to the plight of the native peoples of the North, and from time to time tried to awaken Ottawa's interest in their problems. However, as the author is careful to note, the police were not trained sociologists and they continued to see them as an inferior class who had to be treated paternally like children.

Professor Morrison sums up government policy of this period as one of "benign neglect". In the absence

of any long term planning or marked expenditure the opportunity was sadly missed at this crucial time in the history of the North to find a means of bridging the cultures. Instead, paternalism led to dependence and dependence later to welfare.

The author has produced an authoritative study that will be necessary reading on the history of the Canadian North for many years to come.

S.W. Horrall is an historian with the RCMP in Ottawa.

Scrambling for Artifacts

CAPTURED HERITAGE The Scramble for Northwest Coast Artifacts

By Douglas Cole. Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver/Toronto, 1985. 373 pp., illus. \$24.95.

Upon entering the Northwest Coast galleries of the great museums of North America, one is struck by the splendour and abundance of the materials. Totem poles, huge wooden canoes, even houses, immediately catch the eye. Behind and around these are exhibits of masks, apparel, potlatch paraphernalia and subsistence equipment. As is intended, the viewer's attention is directed to matters concerning traditional Northwest Coast life, and rarely to questions concerning how the materials were obtained. The answer to this latter question is the subject of this book. *Captured Heritage* is an appropriate title since by the time of the Great Depression, cities like Washington, D.C., "contained more Northwest Coast material than the state of Washington and New York City probably housed more British Columbia material than British Columbia herself" (p. 286). During the previous half century, native material culture had been so depleted that some ethnologists lamented that there was hardly enough left in Indian communities to warrant further collecting.

Not surprisingly, the heyday of museum collecting, lasting from the 1870s to the 1920s, paralleled the period of intensive ethnographic research. Because it was assumed that native cultures were about to disappear, it became a race against time to preserve the past, both material and immaterial, before it was irretrievably lost. Some areas such as the North American Plains and the Northwest Coast became

By Charles A. Bishop

goldmines to collectors because peoples of these regions had been able to retain much of their traditional material culture. Indeed, the introduction of European tools and other items had led to a florescence of art during the last half of the nineteenth century. The processes whereby museums and collectors obtained these materials are carefully documented and discussed by Cole.

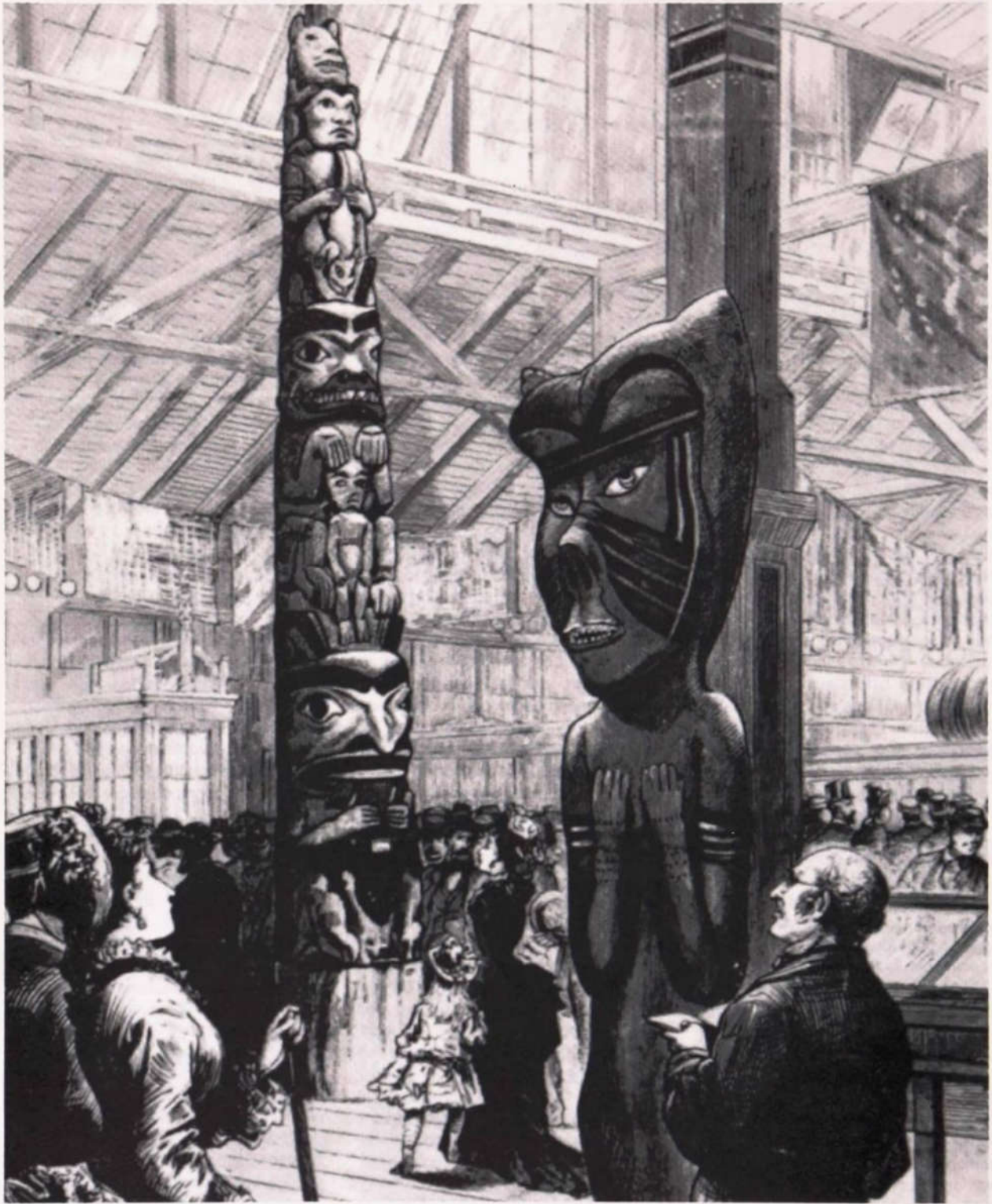
This was not an easy book to write. There were no precedents and materials extracted from the papers of numerous collectors and some twenty-five museums were "not very malleable". Although written by a professional historian, the study will have its greatest appeal among anthropologists and museologists. Nevertheless, because knowledge of Northwest Coast ethnology is taken as a given, despite the numerous theoretical debates, this work is not ethnohistory except insofar as it examines one sub-theme of Indian-white relations, that focusing on the acquisition of artifacts. Data are presented in chronological order in narrative fashion beginning with the earliest European visits and ending circa 1930. Considering the difficulties of combining narration and exposition given the numerous and disparate sources, in this reviewer's opinion, Cole has done a superb job.

Collecting began with the arrival of the first European ships in the late eighteenth century. Northwest Coast Indians quickly learned to apply their trading skills to obtain European luxuries in exchange for a few household objects. Sporadic trade in artifacts for both scientific and curiosity purposes continued until the 1850s when more serious ethnologically focused collecting began.

Leading the way at this date was the Smithsonian Institution created in 1846, following the appointment in 1850 of the "born collector" Spencer F. Baird. Baird's chief buyer was James Swan, a government correspondent in Neah Bay, Washington, who became the first salaried collector to purchase specimens for the United States government. He also became special agent for the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition of 1876 which, unfortunately, did more to reinforce white prejudices toward Indian customs than to dispel them. Perhaps this was because anthropology itself tended to see some customs as being more primitive than others. In line with general theoretical orientations of the day, the purpose of early ethnological collecting was to reconstruct by analogy and deduction the evolutionary history of humankind.

Prior to the 1880s, artifacts remained relatively cheap and competition for them modest. However, when the Bremen Geographical Society collectors, Aurel and Arthur Krause entered the area in 1881 with the financial backing of the German government, prices rose dramatically and the scramble for artifacts began in earnest. Many of the materials obtained by the Krause brothers were later housed in the Prussian Museum für Völkerkunde directed by Adolf Bastian better known to ethnologists for his ideas on psychic unity. To Europeans, Bastian was the master museologist. By the end of the nineteenth century his museum "contained the largest ethnographic collection in the world and possibly a greater number of specimens than any other two museums combined" (p. 57).

Fledgling museums throughout North America soon became involved in the collecting mania. The American Museum of Natural History in New York founded in 1869



The Haida and Makah poles at the Philadelphia Exposition, 1876. From Captured Heritage.

was able to amass huge collections thanks to the financial support of the social elite and to dedicated collecting by such men as George T. Emmons, a naval lieutenant, and Israel Powell, a federal Indian superintendent for coastal British Columbia. George Mercer Dawson* of the Canadian Geological Survey and Powell obtained the best collections for Canadian museums and the British Columbia Provincial Museum was established in 1886 to prevent further loss of materials to foreign locations.

Despite the intensified collecting, Cole believes that the most important event of the 1880s was the visit to the coast on 16 September 1886 of Franz Boas. I suspect that most anthropologists would agree since to North Americanists Boas is considered to be the founder of modern American anthropology. A sensitive field worker concerned with historical particulars as opposed to evolutionary generalities, Boas believed that items of the same culture should be put together in exhibits to illustrate functional relationships and create a holistic impression. With the assistance of George Hunt, a Metis raised as a Kwakiutl, he was able to build up the American Museum of Natural History collection. Nevertheless, Cole unveils a shadier side of Boas who it seems was so dedicated to collecting for scientific purposes that he engaged in the repugnant activity of grave robbing to obtain skeletal materials. But then so did George A. Dorsey of the Chicago Field Museum (established by the department store magnate, Marshall Field, in 1893). Museums at this time were more competitors than collaborators, each trying to beat the other to the prized material goods. Boas, who had been passed over for the Chicago job, had no love for Dorsey and distrusted his chief collector, Charles Frederick Newcombe, who apparently knew little anthropology and failed to detail the socio-cultural context of artifacts.

Despite the fervour associated with the collecting of Northwest Coast materials, suddenly in 1904 the scramble seemed to end. This was due to a growing interest in

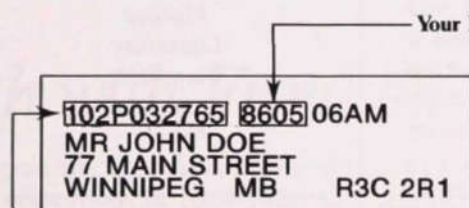
other areas of the world such as the Pacific, Africa and South America, and to increasing costs in a declining market. One museum that fared well was that established in New York by George Gustav Heye in 1916, The Museum of the American Indian. Heye began collecting in 1903 and by the time of his death in 1957 his museum contained over three million pieces. Another late starter that was able to amass an excellent collection was the Victoria Museum of Natural History. Nevertheless, according to Cole, "Collecting was becoming more often gleaning than harvesting" (p. 244). Changes in Northwest Coast cultures contributed to some collections. Christian revivalism and/or Canadian government efforts to eradicate the potlatch led some Indians to get rid of their pagan/illegal materials. Indians caught potlatching were forced to pay as a fine masks, coppers and other potlatch items. Some of these materials housed in the National Museum of Man in Ottawa were returned to Indian-operated museums in Alert Bay and Cape Mudge in 1979 and 1980.

Although the collecting of ancient pieces was virtually over by the

1920s, collecting itself has continued to the present. In addition to the recirculation of old items, gathering has increasingly focused on modern pieces that are seen as forms of art as well as examples of Native culture. Indeed, there has been a great proliferation of these materials as a walk through certain areas of Vancouver and Seattle will demonstrate. Cole notes this new trend but doesn't develop it: clearly it would mean another book. For the moment this one provides plenty of grist for novices and specialists who intend to do further research on Northwest Coast material culture.

Charles A. Bishop is Professor of Anthropology at the State University of New York, Oswego.

How to read your Mailing Label



Your Subscription Identification Number.
When making an inquiry about your subscription, please send us a recent mailing label, or the information exactly as shown on the label, including this number.

The numbers represent the year and month.
For example 8605 = 1986, Oct./Nov. (5th issue of the year).

Issue 1 = Feb./Mar.
2 = Apr./May
3 = June/July
4 = Aug./Sept.
5 = Oct./Nov.
6 = Dec./Jan.

THE PACKET

Letters to and from The Editor

Canon Turner Among the Inuit

I read with interest Dr. McGhee's article in your January/February 1986 issue about the cache of artefacts dating from about 1940 found near Piling. I should like to add a few comments.

The collection of English postcards is easily explained. I met the Rev. J. Turner in northern Foxe Basin in 1937 and we travelled together to Pond Inlet. He told me that he made a practice of collecting old postcards when he was in England in order to take them north to give to the Inuit, where he used them to describe what the rest of the world was like and how other people lived. He also distributed Scripture Union cards. These were very useful. They suggested what passages in the Bible should be read for each day of the year, a practice that many of the Inuit followed, and they were also a very convenient, and often the only, calendar. If for instance one agreed to meet a man on a certain day, he would mark it on his Scripture Union card.

I do not think that the cast-iron kudlik was unique. Kootsiq, whose photograph was found in the cache, certainly had one when I travelled with him. He said it was very satisfactory on a journey as it was lighter and less breakable than a soapstone lamp, though not as good in other ways. The lamp in the cache may of course have been the same one that Kootsiq and I used.

You published a photograph of two white men, which had been found in the cache. The man on the right is Canon Turner.

The HBC post at Igloolik was established in 1939. It certainly proved difficult to supply in some years but it has remained open to this day.

Dr. McGhee expresses surprise that the Anglican church was so firmly established then in Foxe Basin as the first visits by an Anglican missionary were brief sled trips in 1939 and 1941 by Canon Turner. In fact Canon Turner visited the area in the winters of 1932/3, 1934/5, 1936/7 (twice), 1937/8, 1938/9, 1940/41, and 1941/2. Early in 1941 he crossed Baffin Island from Clyde Inlet and then went along the north-east shore of Foxe Basin. He probably met Kangualuk on that journey. He was an excellent traveller, stopped at all camps, and eagerly seized every opportunity to spread his faith. Inuit would travel with him simply to receive more instruction. Both his journeys and his methods are described in his biography *Operation Canon* by Maurice Flint.

The influence of the Anglicans at that time was obvious to any traveller. If you arrived at a camp on a Saturday you did not travel the next day, when there would be a service which everyone attended, held by one of the elders. The nearest Anglican mission was hundreds of miles away. I remember the leader of one camp kneeling by our sledge to say a prayer for our safety when we were setting off. The Roman Catholics were equally devout but there were fewer of them.

**Graham W. Rowley,
Carleton University,
Ottawa.**

Santee Sioux

I have read with great interest "To the Rebellion in a Folding Canoe" by Enid Mallory (*The Beaver*, Autumn 1985).

I was surprised that she wrote "the Teton Sioux under Whitecap ... were known to have joined Riel".

May I point out that Chief Whitecap, who was forced to join Riel in 1885, was the head of Santee Sioux who had sought refuge in Canada after the 1862 Minnesota Outbreak. The Sioux in Canada are 97% Santees from Minnesota and the remaining 3% are Teton Sioux who crossed the boundary after the Custer massacre under Chief Blackmoon in the fall of 1876. By 1885, there were less than 200 Sioux in the district of Assiniboia. Two or three young Teton Sioux were killed during the rebellion — the names are on a monument at Batoche.

**Rev. G. Laviolette, OMI,
Winnipeg.**

Out-of-Print Canadian Books, Pamphlets and Periodicals

History
Literature
Biography
Exploration
Art etc.

Catalogues Free on Request

**Huronian-Canadiana Books
(Helen & John Wray)**

705-435-7255

Box 685, Alliston, Ontario L0M 1A0

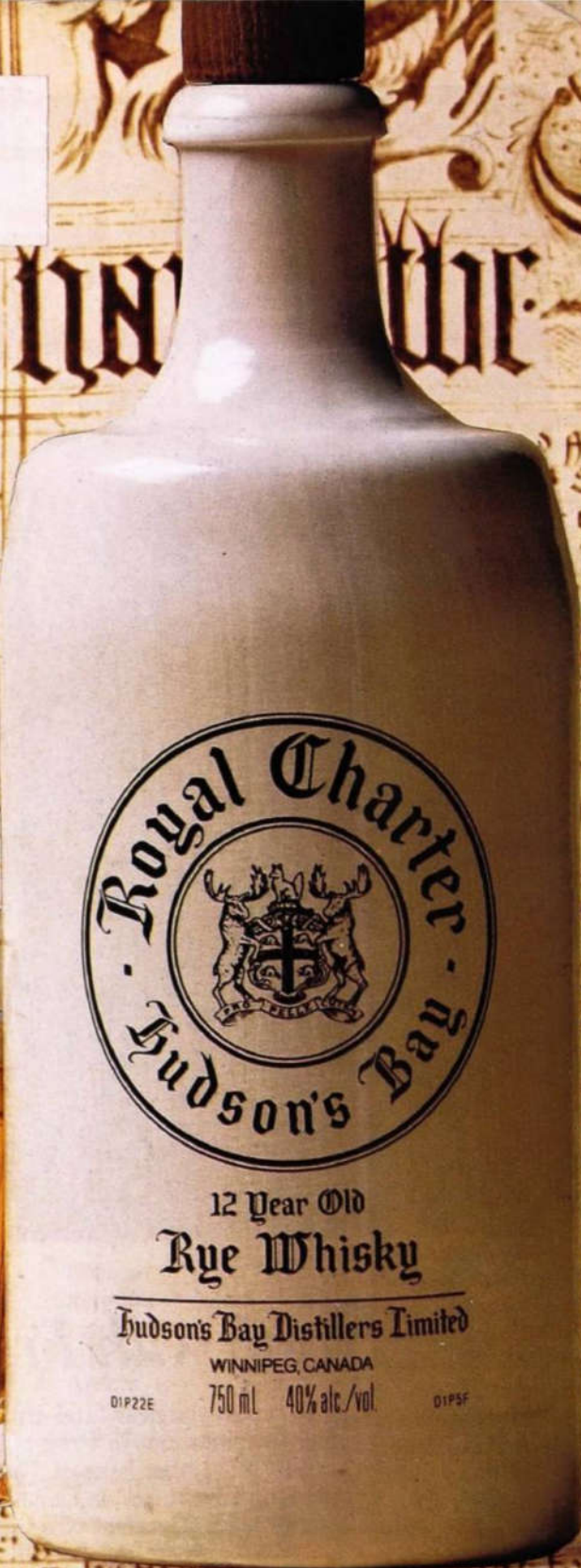


North with Franklin

John Franklin, determined not to repeat the near fatal errors of his 1819-1822 journey, made careful preparations for his northern explorations in 1824-1825. C. Stuart Houston and Mary I. Houston tell the story in the October/November issue of *The Beaver*. The same issue contains an account of Captain Cook's decade-long adventures on Canada's East coast. Explore Canada's history in these and other fascinating articles in the October/November issue of *The Beaver*.

102P023061 870106AS

The Spirit Lives



12 Year Old
Rye Whisky

Hudson's Bay Distillers Limited

WINNIPEG, CANADA

D1P22E

750 mL 40% alc/vol.

D1P5F

An outstanding 12 Year Old Rye...
created in honour of the 300 year old heritage
behind the Hudson's Bay Charter...
and bottled in special edition earthenware.